PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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DONALD TRUMP LEAVES US HOLDING THE BAG

THE HANGOVER ISSUE

UMA JOLIE GETS WET

BATTLE-TESTED HANGOVER CURES

VALENTINE'S DAY TREATS FROM THE PENTHOUSE VAULT

NO REGERTS!

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FROM THE EDITOR

I AM the type of guy who gets caught up…in just about everything. I overspend on vacation, I overeat during the holidays, and I overdrink (which isn't even a word) at corporate events. I've spent the equivalent of my kids' tuition at strip clubs, worked dumb-long hours on the job, and given way too much shit away because 'tis the season for blind generosity. Much to my detriment, I approach life with a stirring cocktail of appreciation and entitlement. I come from a place of yes. I live in the land of more.

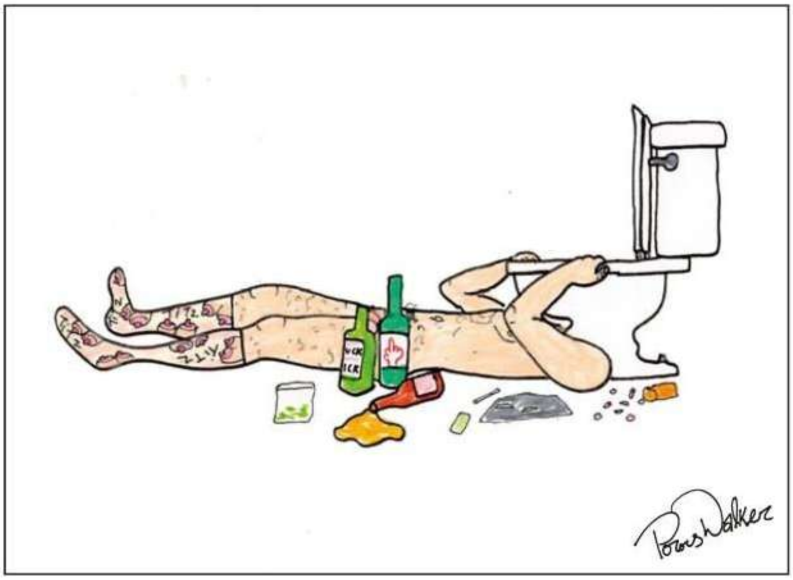
Drugs? Yup. Late nights? Sure. An insane job that I don't know dick about? Well, you know the answer to that one.

So where am I now? Let's call it an existential hangover: Dehydrated, exhausted, lost, and spiraling—paying for my misdeeds, and second-guessing every decision I've made in my adult life. Strange, but I'm thankful for moments like these—life's little reminders about action, reaction, consequence, and mortality. Don't get me wrong, enduring a hangover is an absolute misery, but it's also a time to take inventory…and reconnect with perspective.

We've all been swept up and polarized by this wild hate-bender of an election…and are heading for one hell of a hangover. But while many people brace themselves for life after Trump, I don't think we're getting off that easy. There is no *after* Trump. Trump happened, and we can't take it back.

Yet in spite of it all, I am still hopeful that we will regain our collective perspective.

Raphie Aronowitz
whatthefuck@penthouse.com



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PET OF THE MONTH

Make a string of bad decisions with January Pet of the Month Naomi Woods

PENTHOUSE

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November 2016 Pet of the Month Mary Moody

MAIL DOMINANCE

MADE MY DAY

I take exception to your comments about Clint–you could live a hundred lifetimes and never come close to his genius. Your derogatory remarks are ridiculous and unfounded. I agree that you are a puss. You would be well-advised to stick to what the mag is supposed to do instead of all of your ranting about your horseshit liberal-ass politics…and I never want to see another *Penthouse* with the likes of you there. You have screwed the whole mag up with a bunch of hogwash. Pathetic. Sickening. The next thing you know you'll have a dude on the cover with a guitar he can't play. Oh, your babes are lacking as of late, but thanks so much for putting "Bush is Back" on the cover. Yay! He was a GREAT PRESIDENT (unlike yourself). Cheers!

–Gary R., via email

[Ed: The very DNA of this magazine is rooted in ranting about politics and scandal and pop culture–be it horseshit liberal, horseshit conservative, or horseshit something else. Glad we touched a nerve.]

YES, HE SENT AN ACTUAL THANK-YOU CARD

Thank you for the November issue of *Penthouse* with many pictures of beautiful women with hairy pussies. They are very natural and I think it makes a woman more beautiful and sexy.

–Frank K., via USPS

[You're welcome, Frank. You'll love next month's issue when we feature nude photos of Gary R. with his guitar.]

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"Blue watches are one of the growing style trends seen in the watch world in the past few years"—WATCHTIME®, Sept. 2015

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1. Name: **Dave Carnie** (Endgame and Rough Text)
Measurements: 43D-43-43 | Height: 7' | Weight: 666 lbs.
Hair: Brown | Eyes: Green | Sign: Sagittarius | Hometown: Los Angeles

2. After 50 years of teaching, **Alan M. Dershowitz** ("Bare-Bating") is now professor emeritus at Harvard Law School. He is also the author of 35 books, more than a thousand articles, and numerous blogs. He continues to defend freedom of speech and the rights of criminal defendants.

3. **Dan Dunn** ("No Good Load Goes Unpunished") is an author, TV and radio personality, and award-winning journalist whose work has appeared in *Playboy*, *GQ*, and the *Los Angeles Times*.

4. **Steve Faber** (Washingwood) worked in Washington, D.C., and found the experience highly amusing. He later moved on to show business, writing for TV and film (*Wedding Crashers* and *We're the Millers*). Having worked in both D.C. and Hollywood, he realized there's not a split-hair difference between them.

5. L.A.-based artist **Todd Francis** has created iconic skateboard graphics for companies like Antihero (he created the original Eagle logo), Element, Real, Spitfire, and Stereo. He's also partnered on signature design projects with Vans, Stance, HUF, and Firestone Walker. His studio art has been shown in galleries around the world.

6. **Matt Gallagher** (Embrace the Suck) is the author of the novel *Youngblood*, published in 2016 by Atria/Simon & Schuster. A U.S. Army veteran of Iraq, he's also the author of the nonfiction memoir *Kaboom: Embracing the Suck in a Savage Little War*, and coeditor of, and contributor to, the short fiction collection *Fire and Forget*.

7. Longtime Penthouse contributor **Jeff Kamen** ("Rage or Reconciliation") doesn't drink because, as he says, "It messes with my aim." He also says he loves "God, women, dogs, freedom, and good writing." His Special Operations friends call him "the armed liberal."

8. **Leah McSweeney** (Hot Lines) is founder and CEO of the New York City-based Married to the Mob clothing line. In addition to being a regular contributor to such online publications as *Hypebeast*, Leah is cohost of the podcast *Improper Etiquette*, with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

9. Author of Vice media's *Skinema*, the only porn-review book that fails to review any videos, editor-at-large **Chris Nieratko** (Are You Lonesome Tonight?) brings his evasive literary gag to our monthly sex-toy column.

10. Artist and contributor **PEL** is a decorated military veteran turned creative director focused on multimedia art, fashion, graphic design, and brand development for many clothing and sneaker lines, including Uniqlo, Joseph Abboud, Reebok, and Nike.

11. **Sam Phillips** is a 24-year veteran of the Penthouse brand. Sam also starred in one of the most terrifying horror films of the eighties (in our minds, at least), *Phantasm II*. Most recently, she coproduced the stand-up comedy documentary *Dying Laughing*.

12. Art goon **Porous Walker** is like your penis. He also loves to draw and laugh. He hopes you laugh or don't laugh at his drawings.

Agenda
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

THE NEWCOMER

WHEN my office offered me a transfer to L.A., I took the chance right away. I had broken up with my girlfriend a few months earlier and couldn't stand seeing her with her new guy around town.

Once I moved, everything started going well for me, and I was happy I'd made the change. I especially loved my apartment and all the hot chicks that lived in the complex. Young women with killer bodies and looks to match surrounded me. I had a shit-ton of material for my spank bank after the first week.

I was imagining my neighbor directly downstairs one night after work, and I blew my load so quickly at the thought of her mouth around my dick. I decided the best thing after a great orgasm like that was a soak in the community hot tub, so I threw on some trunks and headed for the pool.

It was still early, around dinnertime, and starting to get dark. I was relaxed and happy, hoping to think up some new material to masturbate to, when I saw the most beautiful woman I'd ever laid eyes on, sitting in the hot tub. Her tits were a full D, and slick from the water. A few bubbles from the jets slid into her cleavage and left tiny water beads when they popped. She wore a red string bikini, her dark hair pulled up onto her head. Even five minutes after pleasuring myself, I felt my dick start to chub at the sight of her.

She smiled when I got in and said a polite hello, but then rested her head on the edge and closed her eyes, basically telling me she wasn't going to chitchat. No problem, because this meant I could stare and not get caught. Since her head was tilted on the ledge of the jacuzzi, her back was arched and her boobs were practically floating on top of the water. If there was ever a time to motorboat a woman, this was it. But I restrained myself.

My cock was twitching now, being so close to this hot, bikini-clad woman with her tits pretty much in my face. I wondered what she was thinking about; she seemed to have a bit of a grin on her face, but it was dark now and I couldn't tell for sure. Drifting off into a fantasy of what her bottom half looked like, and all the things my dick would do down there, I closed my eyes and let the air from the jets tickle my balls and add to my fun.

Within moments, I was rock-hard and the hot water made my entire body tingle. I was aware of every sensation, and even the wind on my damp face made my balls clench. I opened my eyes and was shocked to see that the foxy lady was looking right at me. I couldn't read her expression, but I'm sure she read mine.

I didn't know what to say, so I stuttered, "N-n-nice night."

"Mmm," she softly moaned, "I love nights like this, when I can just soak away the stress."

I'm not the best-looking dude, but I've had my share of pussy. I hadn't fucked anyone since my ex, but I hadn't been out of the scene for *that* long, and I knew I had an opportunity.

"You're stressed? I happen to give a mean shoulder massage…" I put on my charming face, and she bit.

"Oh, I'd love one," she said. "I knew you were awesome as soon as I saw you walk over." She turned around and draped her arms on the side of the hot tub. Her hands were wrapped around opposite elbows, and she rested her forehead on her arms.

I sloshed over and gently put my hands on the curve of her neck, and started rubbing toward her shoulders. I felt her relax immediately, while my dick did the opposite. I loved the way she felt, and I was desperate to reach around and feel her tits. I wondered how much would fit in my hands, and how fast I could get her nipples hard, even in the hot water.

She let out a few soft moans, so I took my chances and put my lips near her ear and whispered, "I also give a mean full-body massage." She didn't hesitate, and with a huge smile she turned and said, "Let's go."

Like a little puppy, I followed Mandy back to her apartment and mentally made note of her perfect ass. It was bigger than what I'm used to, but firm and round. When she walked, one cheek would go slightly

USING A MOVE I'D SEEN IN A PORNO, I STARTED LICKING MY WAY DOWN, TEASING HER NIPPLES WITH MY TONGUE.

higher than the other, and she exaggerated it since she knew I was watching.

We got to her apartment and on the way to her bedroom, she walked backwards and undid her bikini top. Her magnificent tits were mine for the taking, and I reached out and started caressing one.

Once we were in her bedroom, we flopped onto the bed, both breathing fast with excitement. I kissed her hard and she moaned in response. All the blood was in my dick and I couldn't think straight. Hell, I could hardly control myself. All I wanted was to bury myself deep in her cunt.

Thankfully, she felt the same way, and her hands made a beeline to my shorts, tugging them gently over my rod and using her toes to get them off my feet. All that was left between me and heaven was a small triangle of bathing suit.

Using a move I'd seen in a porno, I started licking my way down, teasing her nipples with my tongue. I went in small circles, then a gentle nibble. She wriggled with anticipation, and as I made my way to her other nipple, she couldn't take it anymore and said, "Fuck me now."

I kissed my way down past her belly button, and untied the sides of her bikini. Her pussy was practically pulsating, the little patch of hair wet from the hot tub and mixed with her juices.

I rubbed the dribble of pre-come on my dick around the head like the natural lubricant it is. Mandy was lying on the bed with her legs wide-open, pinching her nipples between her index fingers and thumbs. With one quick motion, I slammed my cock inside her, and she screamed out with pleasure. She needed a hard fuck, and I was more than happy to give it to her.

Fucking her in this position gave me a good look at her tits bouncing to the rhythm of my thrusts. It wasn't long till I felt Mandy's pussy clamp down on my dick and she screamed that she was going to come. I lifted her legs and rested her ankles on my shoulders so I could go as deep as possible. She quivered and shook with pleasure and I didn't stop pounding her until she laid still, totally and completely satisfied. I was glad I'd taken care of myself earlier, because I was able to last long enough to pleasure my new neighbor.

I slid out of her and onto my back. I felt the bed shift, and then Mandy's mouth was wrapped around my shaft, licking up all of her own juices. She put one hand on my balls and the other at the base and sucked my dick like it was a popsicle on a hundred-degree day. The sound of her slurping, the way she held eye contact with me, and the feel of the back of her throat did me in. I shot my load deep inside her mouth, and she swallowed it all.

Mandy got up and tossed me my bathing suit. "Thanks, neighbor," she said. "See you around."

Welcome to the neighborhood, indeed!

–Robbie K., Los Angeles, CA

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse Magazine,* 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

ISTOCK / MILJKO

PUT A BAG ON IT...

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

...IT'S JUST AN EXPRESSION!

A YOUNG Vietnamese couple ended up in the hospital after attempting to have sex for the first time using a plastic bag as contraception.

The unnamed students were too shy to buy condoms, and, reportedly, the boy believed that using a plastic bag would be just as effective. Things didn't go as planned, however, and both suffered genital lesions, abrasions, and bleeding.

Nguyen The Luong, deputy director of Hanoi Kidney Hospital where the students were treated, told the local press that the pair are recovering with the help of antibiotics and "disinfectants."

He went on to say that using plastic bags as contraception is a terrible idea; they provide no protection from STIs or pregnancy and can cause vaginal tearing, since the bags have no elasticity or lubrication.

A recent study by the Medical University of Hanoi and Hanoi Medical College found that of the nearly 3,000 students surveyed, only 16 percent claimed to have had sex, and a third of them didn't use condoms their first time.

The study also found that approximately 25 percent of Vietnamese students are too embarrassed to buy protection. Hopefully this incident, which has garnered worldwide attention, will convince at least some of them to get the fuck over it.

PARDON ME, OFFICERS, HAVE YOU SEEN MY COCAINE?

THIS past September, a Seattle man was taken into custody after asking local police if they had come across his missing briefcase full of cocaine.

According to Seattle police, Officer Doug Jorgenson was directing traffic when a man approached him and handed over a briefcase. The man said he'd been out walking his dog when another man stopped to pet the dog. When he walked away, he left his briefcase behind.

Hoping to discover the owner, Jorgenson opened the case and discovered 154 grams of cocaine, a cellphone, a scale, 50 diazepam pills, some marijuana, and the ID of the 19-year-old briefcase owner.

Not long after the case was turned in, a man approached a group of police officers outside a Seattle Seahawks game and asked if they'd come across it.

Officers said the man told them, "It contained some important paperwork and he really needed it back."

Police later arrested the man for possession of narcotics with intent to sell.

ISTOCK / MARK WRAGG / JOE CICAK

RACK TO THE FUTURE

FOR centuries, people have tried various ways of predicting the future—through astronomy, "psychics," and Times Square fortune tellers. But one Chinese man claims to have discovered a new method.

The unnamed gentleman believes he can predict a woman's future by touching her breasts. The short video, which has had hundreds of views, shows the elderly man cupping a young woman's breast inside her dress. Meanwhile, the woman looks on, somewhat bored, as she rests her head on her fist.

Perhaps this would be a good career change for a certain ex-presidential candidate.

ISTOCK / PEOPLEIMAGES

BONER BREW

COFFEE lovers can say good-bye to Viagra now that a new coffee called "Stiff Bull" offers an erection that can last for days.

Billed as a "relationship saver" on its website, Stiff Bull contains all-natural herbs that "grow wild in the jungles of Malaysia and have been used for centuries by the people of Asia and South America to greatly improve sexual health, libido, and overall wellness."

The company claims drinking Stiff Bull can produce an erection that lasts up to three days, although we're not sure why this is a selling point.

The FDA has urged people to stay away from the coffee as it contains a "secret ingredient," the Viagra-like drug desmethyl carbodenafil. The drug isn't listed on the coffee's packaging and can be harmful to men suffering from diabetes, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, or heart disease.

The FDA wrote in their advisory, "This undeclared ingredient may interact with nitrates found in some prescription drugs such as nitroglycerine and may lower blood pressure to dangerous levels." The report goes on to warn consumers the coffee could cause a huge drop in blood pressure, leading to dizziness, fainting, blurred vision, and nausea.

SOME PEOPLE REALLY DIG GOD

A MAN in El Salvador has been digging a hole for eighteen years after claiming God told him to do it.

Santiago Sanchez, 69, explained in an interview with Univision journalist Ernesto Rivas that God spoke to him one night and told him to dig a hole. Eighteen years later, Sanchez is still digging, believing what he's doing "is a spiritual revelation from God."

The pensioner has devoted his life to the project, waking at 3 A.M. every morning to commence digging, emerging only to dispose of the dirt and rocks he digs up.

The journalist covering the story admitted he found the going tough when venturing through the tunnel, and had trouble breathing by the time he reached the halfway point, forcing him to return to the surface.

This didn't surprise Sanchez, who said, "Only I am allowed to go to the end because I am God's tunnel digger. Nobody else is allowed to go there."

PRIVATE DICK

A woman from Chicago, identified only by her initials, N.P., is suing sex-toy manufacturer Standard Innovation for allegedly spying on her while she used her vibrator.

The sex toy in question, the We-Vibe Rave, is a G-spot stimulator that has smartphone-controlled functionality, enabling people who are not in the same place to exchange messages, participate in video chats, and remotely control the device using the app.

The woman instigating the lawsuit said she used the sex toy a number of times before learning via a Defcon hacking convention talk that Standard Innovation was retaining her personal usage for marketing purposes.

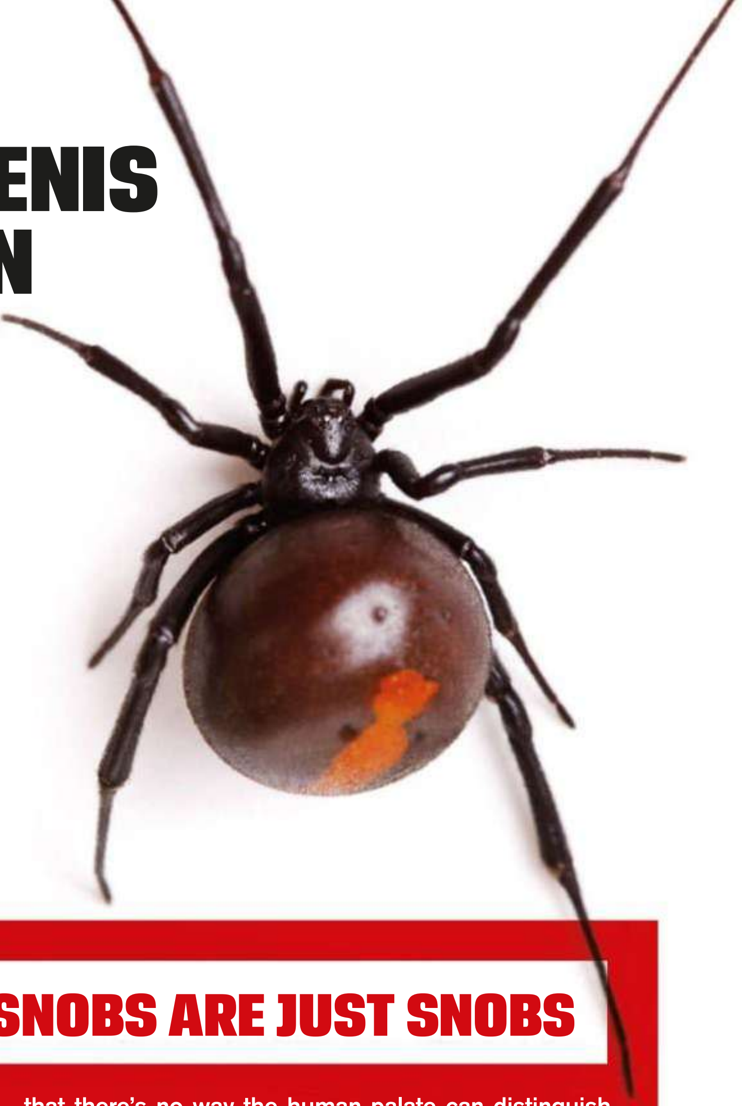
The Canadian company collects data via the app, including when it's running and what the vibration setting is. It was discovered if users registered their email addresses, the company could obtain their personal information.

Eve-Lynn Rapp, an attorney with the law firm representing N.P., said, "This is one of the more incredible invasions of privacy we've ever dealt with." She explained how the company uses the information to increase the sale of their products, stating, "Given how personal the information is, what the company was doing is inappropriate."

Standard Innovation released a statement stressing they take issues of privacy very seriously and have updated their terms and conditions, giving users the option not to have their…er… data tracked.

ISTOCK / TOMS93

MAN BITTEN ON PENIS BY SPIDER—AGAIN



SOME are calling a Sydneysider named Jordan “Australia’s unluckiest man” after he claims to have been bitten by a spider on his penis for the second time in a year.

The 21-year-old said he was first bitten by the infamous redback spider in April when using a portable toilet on a building site.

Speaking with a local radio station, Jordan, who declined to give his last name, said the first incident left him with a red mark on his penis and turned him off using public toilets. The decision lasted just five months till Jordan used a portable john while working on another building site.

“There was a little crevice under the bowl,” he explained, “and you couldn’t lift anything to check. It’s the first time I’ve used a port-a-loo since it happened the first time.”

After being bitten a second time, Jordan was taken to St George Hospital where staff remembered him from his first visit.

He was unsure if it was another redback that had bitten him, but claimed the second time was much worse: “The spider got a better shot on it this time. It’s redder, a bit more swollen, and hurts a bit more.”

SCIENCE PROVES BEER SNOBS ARE JUST SNOBS

THE craft beer craze of the past decade has created millions of beer snobs, many of whom are more than happy to lecture you on the difference between a Belgian dark ale and a West Coast IPA.

But it seems they might not actually know what the fuck they’re talking about.

A team of German scientists at the Technische Universität Dresden’s Institute of Food Chemistry have proven that it’s impossible to tell the different chemicals that make up the taste of beer.

The scientists were working on breaking down the components of beer and noted the levels of chemicals varied so much within beer styles of a certain sample, that there’s no way the human palate can distinguish the small nuances of different beers, such as a lager and a stout.

The scientists collected data by looking at a particular group of chemicals known as Maillard Reaction Products. These compounds are known to give beer its taste and color, and are released during the brewing process when the grains are roasted and converted into liquid malt.

Publishing their results in the *Journal of Agricultural and Food Chemistry*, the scientists agreed there are different chemicals that form the taste and color of a beer, but that these chemicals are so complex the average beer drinker can’t tell the difference.

ISTOCK / TURNERVISUAL / 4X6

FALLING IN LOVE

WE’VE all gone to extremes to impress a crush, but nothing like Russian teen Alexander Shadrin.

The love-struck 16-year-old was attempting to charm a girl by climbing over the balcony and hanging by the railing at his apartment building in Novosibirsk, Siberia. Shock of all shocks: Shadrin lost his grip and plunged 230 feet, somehow managing to land on the roof of the Renault Logan taxi parked below.

The Renault’s roof was crushed and the back window completely smashed. Shadrin was reportedly conscious after the fall, suffering a bruised abdomen and lungs, a torn liver, and a broken shoulder, but is expected to make a full recovery. As a Novosibirsk official stated, “The guy was born under a lucky star.”

WHAT HAS TWO THUMBS AND FUCKS LIKE A TIGER?

SINCE the introduction of dating apps, the art of meeting people has changed dramatically, to say the least. Of course one thing that still exists is having to sell yourself to the opposite sex. You must have a profile that exudes confidence and demonstrates how good-looking and financially successful you are, while showing all the personality traits women like, such as sensitivity, humor, and honesty.

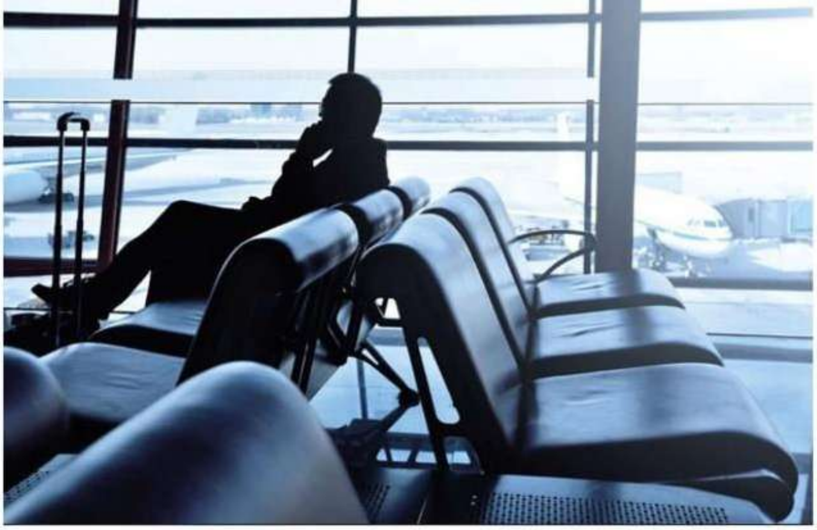
This is hard to do with just a handful of photos and a 500-word bio, but we have some inside knowledge that should help you rack up the likes.

Whitney Wolfe, CEO and founder of Bumble—a dating app where women make the first move—gave *Business Insider* tips on what not to include on your profile.

Wolfe says mirror selfies should be discarded: "Just no. They don't come over well. No one likes them." She goes on to say group shots are bad as there's a chance she might like one your friends better, and photos of you posing with other women create more questions than answers.

And lastly, do not post pics of yourself with tigers, or as Wolfe puts it, "enough of the endangered species profile photos."

Happy swiping!



5,000 MILES, TEN DAYS, AND NO CLUE

FORTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Dutchman Alexander Pieter Cirk spent ten days at an airport waiting to meet a Chinese woman he'd met on a dating app. When she failed to show, Cirk, having flown over 5,000 miles to see her, made the decision to sit tight and wait. And wait.

Over the ensuing days, pictures of Cirk began circulating on social media, until authorities came to the frail Cirk's aid.

Cirk was taken to the hospital as a precaution and remained there for three nights. Both Chinese and Dutch officials declined to say what he was treated for, but were satisfied enough with his condition to let him travel home.

A local TV show tracked down the woman, who was surprised that Cirk had flown all that way to see her, believing he was only joking when he said he'd purchased a plane ticket and would be visiting her.

She claimed she was undergoing plastic surgery when he arrived, missing his messages, but hoped to continue their online relationship.

BATH PD NEEDS A HAND

THE English city of Bath, famous for its historic Roman baths and eighteenth-century Georgian architecture, has become known for something else: severed feet.

Police are investigating after a human foot was found in the garden of one resident's house. This is the third foot found in Bath in the past year.

After a four-month investigation, the previously discovered feet in the Weston Park were believed to be anatomical teaching aides.

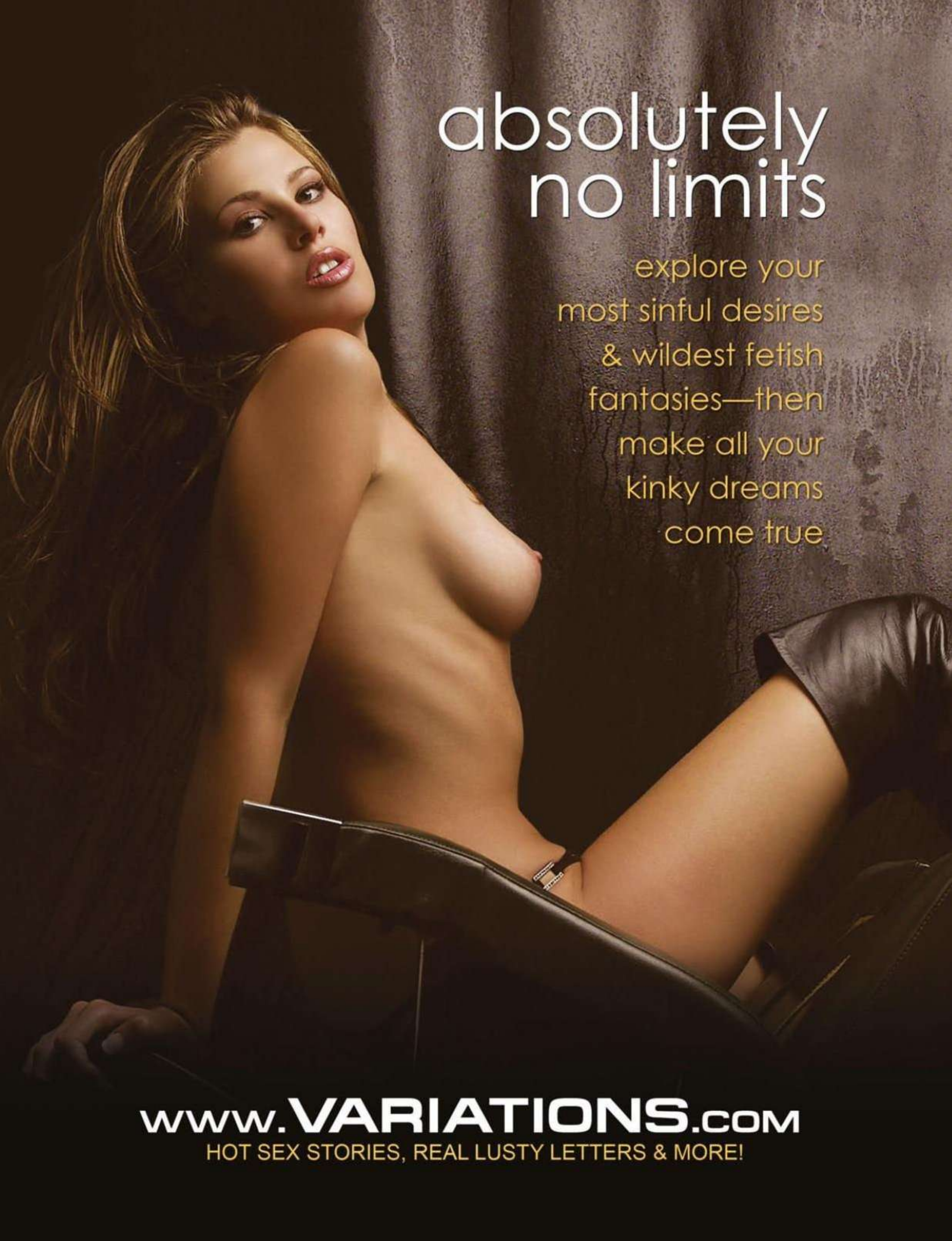
All three feet were discovered near the Royal United Hospital, which is licensed to undertake postmortem examinations, although the hospital denies any connection.

The latest find, however, still has police puzzled over how the foot ended up in a local's front yard.

They're now using specially trained cadaver dogs to search nearby areas for other body parts. However, they don't believe the feet are linked to any criminal activity.

"We are confident no crime has been committed and strongly believe the feet have come from an old private collection," said Temporary Detective Inspector Paul Catton.

ISTOCK / WILLCAO911 / NENSURIA



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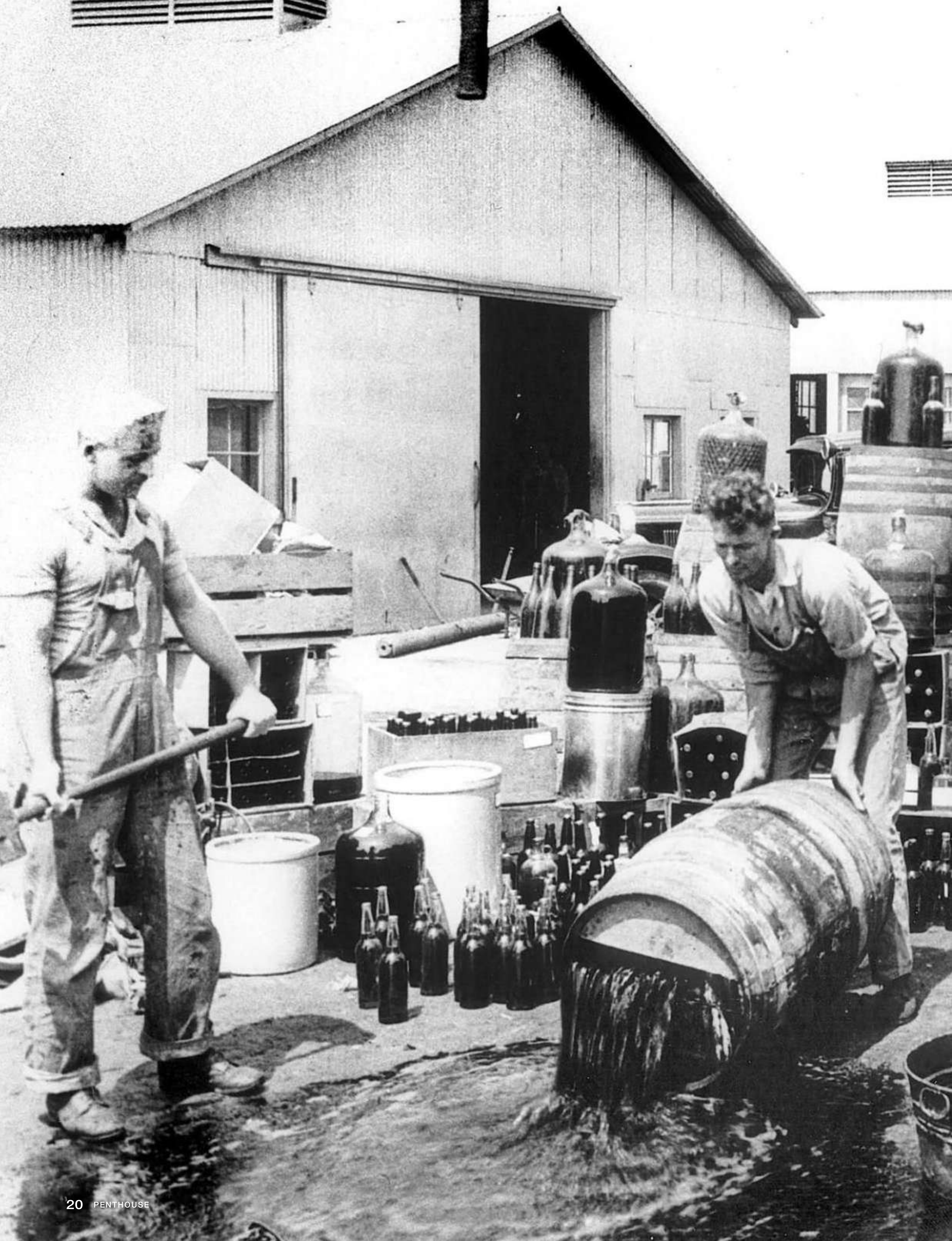

THE BIG HANGOVER

ALMOST 100 years ago the powers-that-be believed they could shut down, control, and otherwise micromanage people's vices. By prohibiting the sale and consumption of alcohol, the U.S. government learned the hard way that when people want to enjoy themselves, it's damned near impossible to stop them. With organized criminal gangs–led by the likes of the infamous Al Capone–only too willing to supply hooch to thirsty citizens, Prohibition had little effect. If anything, it did more harm by driving up the criminality surrounding that sweet, sweet diversion of getting plowed. Fortunately, in 1933, Uncle Sam came to his senses and repealed Prohibition…and we have been knocking em' back recklessly ever since.

Photo: Orange County Sheriff Department

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MAN OF THE MOMENT

EWAN MCGREGOR

THERE are few Hollywood leading men who command the same level of respect as Ewan McGregor. He may have played a pretty convincing junkie in his breakthrough role as Mark Renton in Danny Boyle's 1996 film, *Trainspotting,* but he's never been the type of mainstream actor you'd find splashed across the front page of tabloids. And although he's got the clean-cut image and winning smile your mom could fall for, he's also a motorcycle-loving, down-to-earth kind of guy you could grab a beer with.

In 2015, McGregor embarked upon his directorial debut, adapting Philip Roth's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *American Pastoral* for the big screen. The sort of man who is apt to throw himself into a project full-force, McGregor took charge of the film after losing two directors in quick succession. Capturing the crackling prose of Roth's classic novel is no easy feat, but Roth himself gave the film his nod of approval.

According to McGregor, journalists primarily ask him two questions during interviews: 1) How frequently he gets naked on-screen, and 2) Why he doesn't drink anymore. And it's true: McGregor has done more nude scenes than some porn actors and definitely holds the record among mainstream players. He's dedicated to bearing it all in the name of gritty realism, and has shared plenty of on-screen steam with a litany of actresses, from Michelle Williams to Eva Green.

As far as booze goes, McGregor is Scottish, after all, but he eventually stopped drinking after a few too many hazy nights on the town. In classic nice-guy fashion, the worst thing he ever really did (in the public eye, anyway) was trash-talk Hugh Grant's acting abilities and say that David Letterman is "rather arrogant and uninteresting." And to be fair—neither of those things is particularly controversial.

Overseas, McGregor is best known for his role in *Trainspotting* (also worth a look is his big-screen debut in Boyle's first film, the riotous *Shallow Grave*). These days, however, many know him as Obi-Wan Kenobi, the young Jedi Knight in the *Star Wars* prequels. And yes, we realize the prequels suck donkey balls, but McGregor still delivered a standout performance throughout the trilogy. That's part of his appeal. He brings an unassuming charm to all his roles, the kind of talent that allows him to switch from junkie to priest to Jedi Knight.

McGregor's next project will, again, be alongside director Boyle, reprising his role as Mark Renton in *T2: Trainspotting,* the much-awaited sequel. The story is set nine years after Renton vows to live a clean life and features the full original cast of Scottish drop-outs. The release date is in February, and, as huge fans of the original, there's no doubt we'll be checking it out.

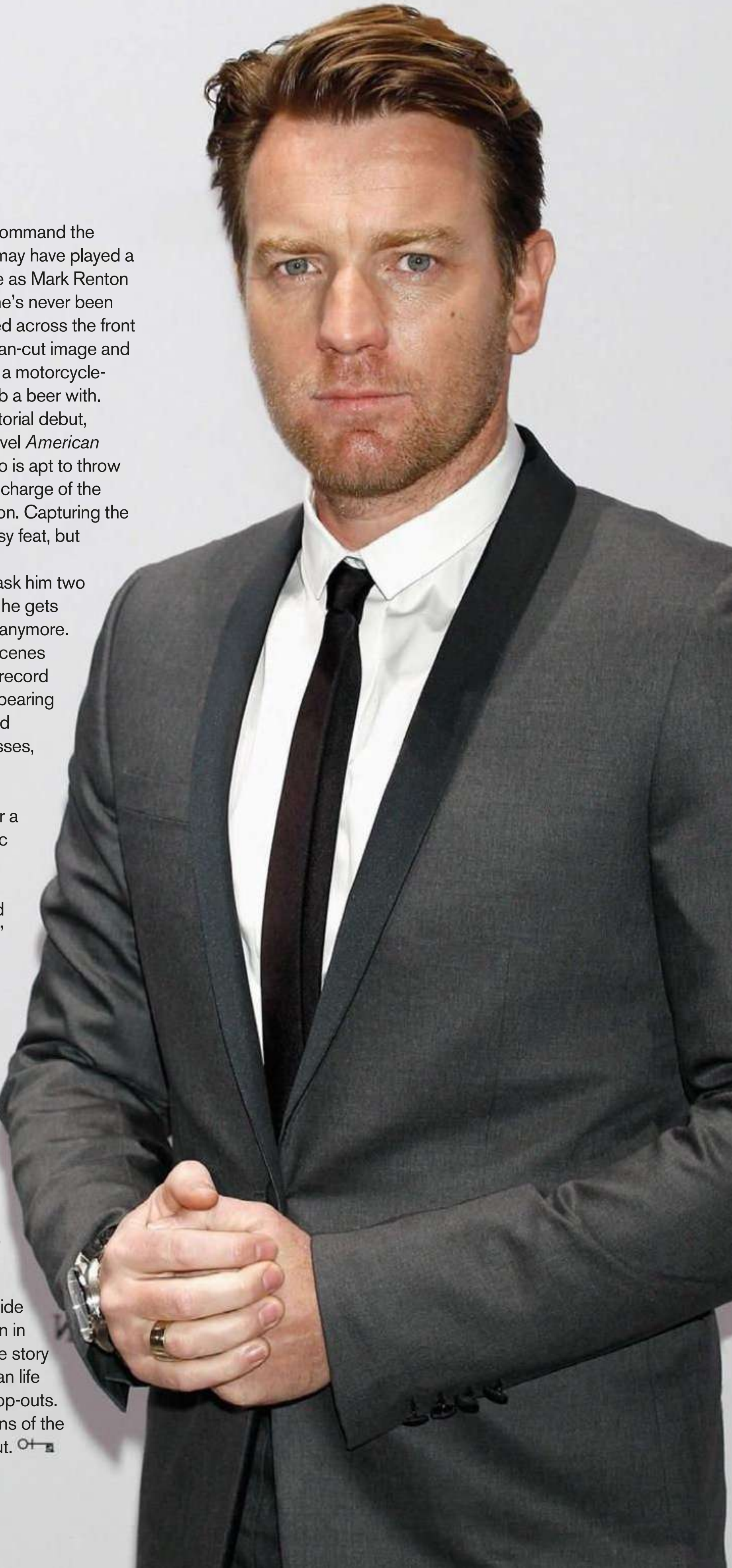


PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC

IT'S GETTING HOT IN HERE

HIPHOP HONORS
THE 2 LIVE CREW
POP THAT COOCHIE
N·E·R·D
LAPDANCE
NELLY
TIP DRILL
PLACEBO PROTÉGE-MOI
RAMMSTEIN
PUSSY

2 Live Crew in Concert

EVER since Duran Duran's 1981 hit "Girls on Film" was heavily edited before being allowed on MTV, artists have done all they can to push the boundaries of sex and music. While audiences have become desensitized to much of what they see on their TV screens, it's still fun to see how we got to where we are now. These are some of our favorite NSFW music-video milestones.

2 LIVE CREW, "POP THAT COOCHIE" (1991)

It might seem tame by today's standards, but in 1991, "Pop That Coochie" caused outrage. The video showed women shaking their booties to the delight of 2LC, intercut with footage of nerdy record execs watching in disgust. It was heavily edited, and 2LC was forced to change the word "pussy" to "coochie." As lame as it now seems, this song paved the way for what's considered commonplace today.

N.E.R.D., "LAPDANCE" (2001)

N.E.R.D.'s first single used sex as an analogy for crooked politicians. Focusing on frontman Pharrell Williams lounging around with half-naked women in a strip club ("I dare a motherfucker to come in my face"), this one was heavily edited for TV. The original video is quite steamy, and Pharrell's porn-star mustache added another level of dirtiness to the mix.

NELLY, "TIP DRILL" (2003)

At the height of his fame, Nelly delivered a misogynistic sex fantasy that has yet to be topped. Seven glorious minutes of gratuitous boob and butt shots, with Nelly and his crew doing what they do in his mansion while surrounded by women in tiny bikinis and thongs, shaking their asses. It's remembered fondly for the scene where Nelly swipes his credit card down a woman's butt crack. Without this, Nicki Minaj's "Anaconda" and Jennifer Lopez's "Booty" would never have gotten the green light.

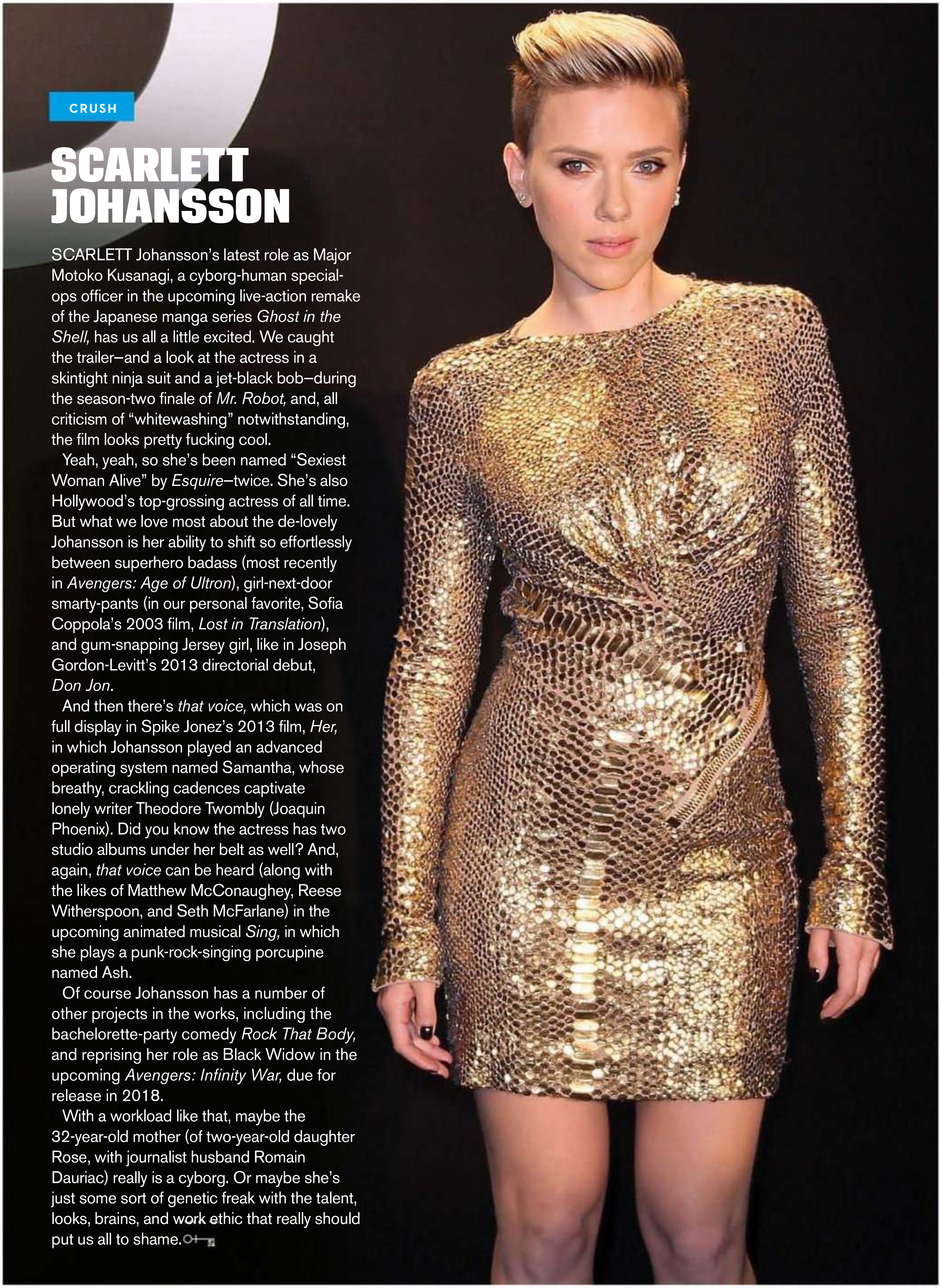
PLACEBO, "PROTÉGE-MOI" (2003)

The French version of Placebo's "Protect Me From What I Want" was released as a single to little fanfare, although the video has become the stuff of legend. Directed by the controversial Gasper Noé, it was deemed too explicit for its nudity and uncensored depictions of oral sex. The clip has since made its way online, so you can see for yourselves why it was never officially released.

RAMMSTEIN, "PUSSY" (2009)

German rock band Rammstein caused a shit storm with the video to their first German No. 1 single, "Pussy." The song about the sex trade contained lyrics like, "You've got a pussy, I have a dick-ah," featured the band (er, body doubles) engaging in full-blown sex, and ended with each band member ejaculating on their female partner. This one didn't get regular airing on MTV.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / GETTY IMAGES ENTERTAINMENT



CRUSH

SCARLETT JOHANSSON

SCARLETT Johansson's latest role as Major Motoko Kusanagi, a cyborg-human special-ops officer in the upcoming live-action remake of the Japanese manga series *Ghost in the Shell,* has us all a little excited. We caught the trailer—and a look at the actress in a skintight ninja suit and a jet-black bob—during the season-two finale of *Mr. Robot,* and, all criticism of "whitewashing" notwithstanding, the film looks pretty fucking cool.

Yeah, yeah, so she's been named "Sexiest Woman Alive" by *Esquire*—twice. She's also Hollywood's top-grossing actress of all time. But what we love most about the de-lovely Johansson is her ability to shift so effortlessly between superhero badass (most recently in *Avengers: Age of Ultron*), girl-next-door smarty-pants (in our personal favorite, Sofia Coppola's 2003 film, *Lost in Translation*), and gum-snapping Jersey girl, like in Joseph Gordon-Levitt's 2013 directorial debut, *Don Jon*.

And then there's *that voice,* which was on full display in Spike Jonez's 2013 film, *Her,* in which Johansson played an advanced operating system named Samantha, whose breathy, crackling cadences captivate lonely writer Theodore Twombly (Joaquin Phoenix). Did you know the actress has two studio albums under her belt as well? And, again, *that voice* can be heard (along with the likes of Matthew McConaughey, Reese Witherspoon, and Seth McFarlane) in the upcoming animated musical *Sing,* in which she plays a punk-rock-singing porcupine named Ash.

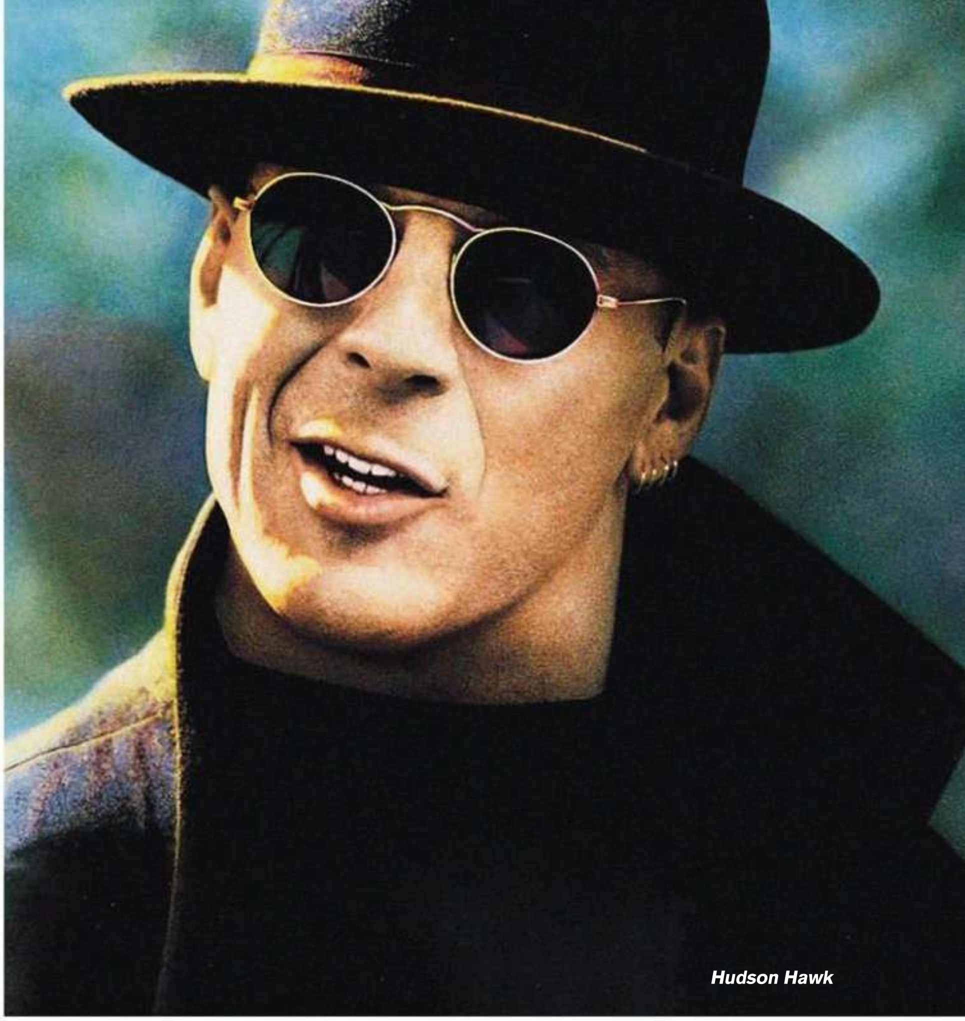
Of course Johansson has a number of other projects in the works, including the bachelorette-party comedy *Rock That Body,* and reprising her role as Black Widow in the upcoming *Avengers: Infinity War,* due for release in 2018.

With a workload like that, maybe the 32-year-old mother (of two-year-old daughter Rose, with journalist husband Romain Dauriac) really is a cyborg. Or maybe she's just some sort of genetic freak with the talent, looks, brains, and work ethic that really should put us all to shame.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / DAVID LIVINGSTON

FILM

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY


Hudson Hawk

LAST year was a fairly average year for blockbuster films. While comic-book and animated movies continued to reign supreme, Hollywood's insistence on reusing old ideas came back to haunt them, with the *Ben-Hur* remake and *Ghostbusters* "reboot" among a handful that bombed at the box office. This isn't a new phenomenon, as films more often than not fail to live up to their hype. As delicious proof, here's a look at some of Hollywood's biggest flops.

> *THE 13TH WARRIOR* (1999)

Estimated budget: $160 million
Estimated loss: $137 million

Based on Michael Crichton's novel *Eaters of the Dead* and staring Antonio Banderas, *The 13th Warrior* is statistically the worst financially performing film of all time. Loosely based on the legend of Beowulf, this flick was the most expensive production at the time of its release. Although a moderate success, grossing over $60 million, *The 13th Warrior* needed to make three times that amount to break even. Which it obviously didn't.

Critic's review: "The film is fascinating to watch, but I can hardly say what it's about, other than people killing each other."—Jeff Millar, *Houston Chronicle*

> *CUTTHROAT ISLAND* (1995)

Estimated budget: $98 million
Estimated loss: $147 million

Before *Pirates of the Caribbean* made seafaring films box-office gold, director Renny Harlin nearly destroyed the genre with *Cutthroat Island*. The production was besieged with problems from the get-go: Michelle Pfeiffer pulled out and was replaced by Harlin's then-wife, Geena Davis, alongside Michael Douglas. Douglas soon quit after constant script changes and was replaced by poor sap Matthew Modine. It only got worse during shooting, with a cameraman falling from a crane and breaking his leg, staff walking off the set, and a tank used for ocean scenes filling with raw sewage following a pipe burst. The film lasted less than a month in theaters, and stunted the careers of Davis, Modine, and Harlin for over a decade while sending studio Carolco into bankruptcy.

Critic's review: "It takes a two-hour act of will to keep facing the screen during this moribund movie."—Desson Howe, *The Washington Post*

> *HUDSON HAWK* (1991)

Estimated budget: $65 million
Estimated loss: $48 million

Bruce Willis made a name for himself playing the everyman action hero in *Die Hard,* but his role in *Hudson Hawk* almost put the kibosh on his career. Willis played Hawk, a recently paroled cat burglar who spends the film traveling the world stealing priceless da Vinci artifacts while being chased by a wealthy couple, the CIA, and the Vatican. If it sounds absurd, it is. The plot is ridiculous, the script humorless, the acting woeful, and the chemistry between leading man Willis and Andie McDowell nonexistent. It took three years for Willis to regain his credibility (with *Pulp Fiction)*, but *Hudson Hawk* still stands as his worst feature yet.

Critic's review: "This unspeakable awful can make an audience a little crazy. You want to throw things, yell at the actors, tell them to stop."—Peter Travers, *Rolling Stone*

> *HEAVEN'S GATE* (1980)

Estimated budget: $44 million
Estimated loss: $114 million

After the success of 1978's Oscar-winning *The Deer Hunter,* the late director Michael Cimino received full creative control for his western follow-up, *Heaven's Gate*. The film focused on the battle between wealthy landowners and struggling farmers, with country-singer-turned-actor Kris Kristofferson and Christopher Walken the unlikely leads. Shot entirely on location and going well over budget, the near four-hour epic bombed big-time. A shorter cut was eventually rereleased but fared even worse. The film put an end to the western until *Unforgiven* revived the genre in the nineties. Cimino never directed a big-budget epic again, and the loss was the last straw in the death spiral of United Artists.

Critic's review: "It really is a stinker."—Dave Kehr, *Chicago Reader*

*All estimated losses have been adjusted for inflation.

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TECH

WINTER PARTY ESSENTIALS

WE'RE GEARING UP FOR THE LONG, COLD WINTER…SO GET GLOVED UP, MAN—IT'S FUCKING FREEZING OUT THERE.

1 / DeWalt Heated Jacket
$100 and up dewalt.com
Even if it's not face-numbingly cold where you live, we still recommend getting a jacket that can handle all conditions, including wind and rain. The Dewalt heated jacket comes with all the amenities. Fully charged it lasts seven and a half hours, has three or four temperature settings (depending on the model), and even comes with a USB phone charger.

2 / Outdoor Tech Kodiak Plus Waterproof Powerbank
$80 outdoortechnology.com
You can never have too much power—not when you're a slave to your iPhone. And if you're outdoors, you'll need something rugged and durable to boot. This powerbank box o' electricity is fully submersible, shock absorbant, and will juice up your devices—two at a time—in just a few hours. It also does double (triple?) duty as a flashlight.

3 / Hammacher Schlemmer 80-Foot Snowball Launcher
$35 hammacher.com
What's a party in the snow without a snowball launcher? Not a party we'd like to attend, that's for sure. Launch softball-size snowballs at that guy dancing a little too closely to your lady friend, or just start a snow fight. Simply place snow in the forming chamber, close the lid, and pull the trigger. It's made for kids eight and up, so it suits us perfectly.

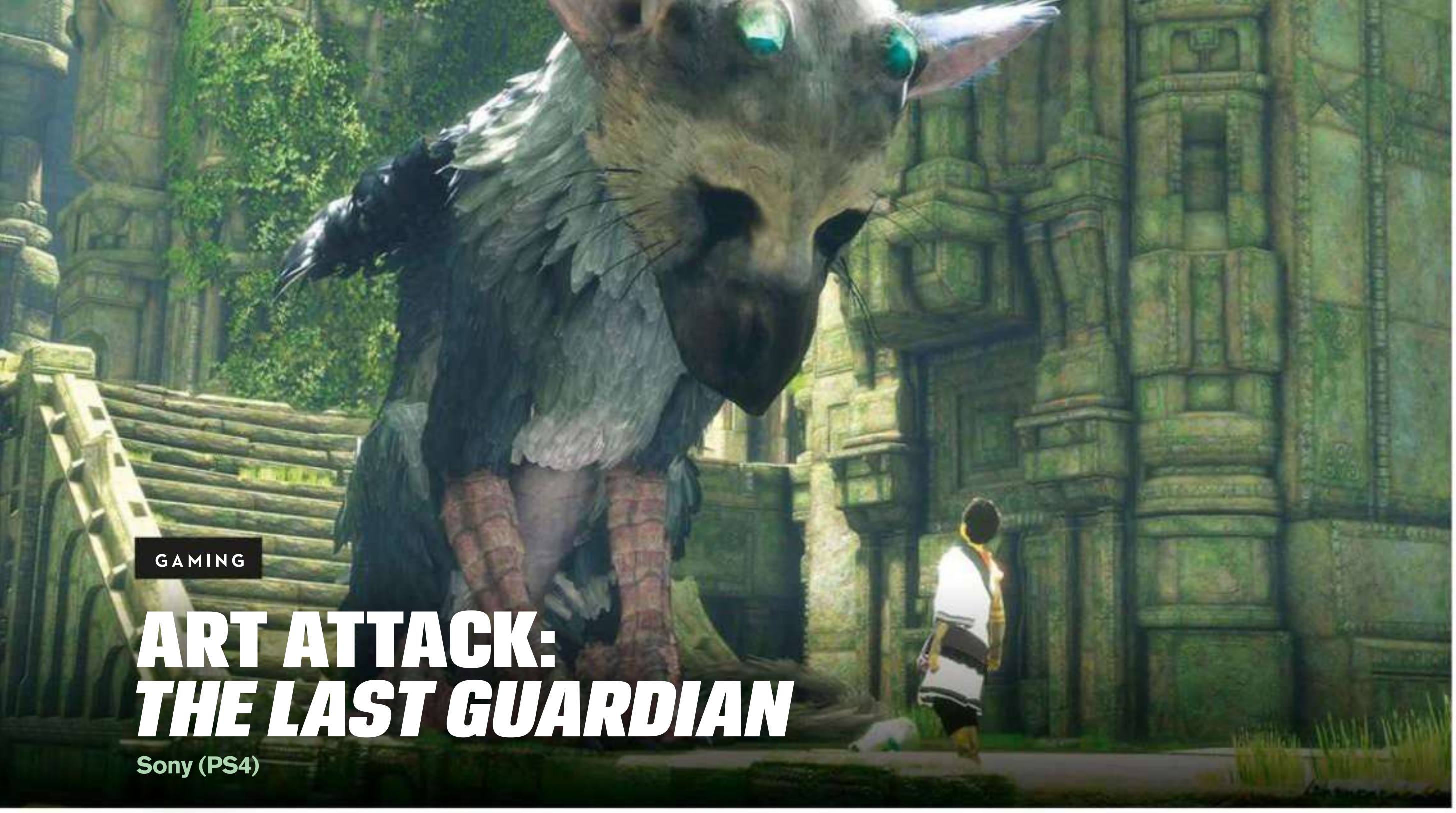
4 / Airblaster Merino Ninja Suit
$190 myairblaster.com
If you like being outdoors but don't like to be cold, you should probably just stay home. If this isn't an option, then get yourself this one-piece thermal base layer. Made of Woolverino, a merino-wool and synthetic blend, the Ninja is soft and toasty. It's also lightweight, fast-drying, and won't absorb your stink. Who can say no to that?

5 / UE Roll Wireless Bluetooth Speaker
$150 ultimateears.com
For our requisite music, we need something that's portable, packs some punch, and can handle the weather. The Roll wireless speaker fits the description. Furthermore, its 65-foot Bluetooth range and nine-hour rechargeable battery ensure we can party well into the wee hours, and the music won't cut out if we stagger off too far.

6
UCO
TITAN
UCO

6 / UCO Titan Stormproof Match Kit
$10 ucogear.com
Humans love fire, especially when we're drunk and outdoors. These matches are the ones you want when you're out in the elements and desperate to light that joint…er, campfire. Windproof and easy to light, each match will stay lit for up to 25 seconds, and will even relight after being submerged in water. The kit includes 12 matches, three replaceable strikers, and a waterproof case and cord.

7 / Jetboil MiniMo Cooking System $135
Grande Coffee Press $15 jetboil.com
The best thing about cold-weather camping? The hot meal you somehow manage to whip together. The compact MiniMo makes it possible—easy to set up and break down, you can boil up to a liter of water, and you can cook and eat out of the same pot. The stove has a low-simmer control, which means your menu options are vastly improved. In the morning, break out the Grande press and make yourself some damn good coffee.



GAMING

ART ATTACK: *THE LAST GUARDIAN*

Sony (PS4)

YOU won't fire rocket launchers or carjack anything in *The Last Guardian,* and yet this unconventional adventure has inspired a more fervent fan following during its decade of development than any installment of the *Call of Duty* or *Grand Theft Auto* series. *Guardian* is the latest masterwork of Fumito Ueda, the auteur designer of *Ico* and *Shadow of the Colossus*. When the late film critic Roger Ebert famously declared in 2006 that games could never be art, angry gamers used their middle fingers to boot up *Ico* and *Colossus* as examples of titles that transcended the medium (see sidebar). Both games delivered deep puzzles, otherworldly landscapes, and AI partners that inspired a real bond. *The Last Guardian* combines all of these elements into an emotional roller coaster that even Ebert might have considered more than just a game.

Guardian's tale unfolds in a curious flashback format, with your main character recounting how he once escaped from a mysterious castle with the help of a titanic half-bird/half-cat beast named Trico. You'll spend the game slowly earning Trico's trust, training it with snacks and plucking out arrows and spears hurled by the castle's guards. You can gauge Trico's mood—from calm to cautious to angry—by watching the color of his eyes. Direct Trico with calls and treats to demolish obstacles, activate switches, or just serve as a bridge over bottomless chasms. Eventually you can clamber up Trico's back and ride him à la that hippie kid from *The NeverEnding Story* (why did you wait so long to call her fucking name, Bastian?).

Controlling this winged cat-thing can get frustrating—the creature has a mind of its own—but eventually, through training and near-death escapes, your bond will grow so strong that interactions become more instinctive. You'll actually start to care for Trico. That's when *Guardian* begins to play with your emotions. Suddenly, it's the game's turn to push your buttons.

MASTERWORKS: FOUR PIECES OF INTERACTIVE ART

> 4 <

ICO

(2001, PS2)

This first game from *Guardian* designer Ueda introduces the arty touches—such as sun-soaked visuals and deep inter-character relationships—that would come to define his later titles. Players must help a princess escape a stark castle crawling with grabby shadow monsters.

> 3 <

GRIM FANDANGO

(1998, PC)

This classic adventure from beloved LucasArts designer Tim Schafer plays like an art deco fever dream. Its groundbreaking 3D character art lets players solve puzzles just by watching the body language of skeletal chain-smoking hero Manny Calavera, travel agent of the afterlife.

> 2 <

BIOSHOCK

(2007, XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

A game about the power of choice, *BioShock* lets players slay their way through an underwater city crawling with Prohibition-era monstrosities and waifish little girls you can either spare or "harvest" for more power. It ends in a shocking twist that suggests choice was just an illusion all along.

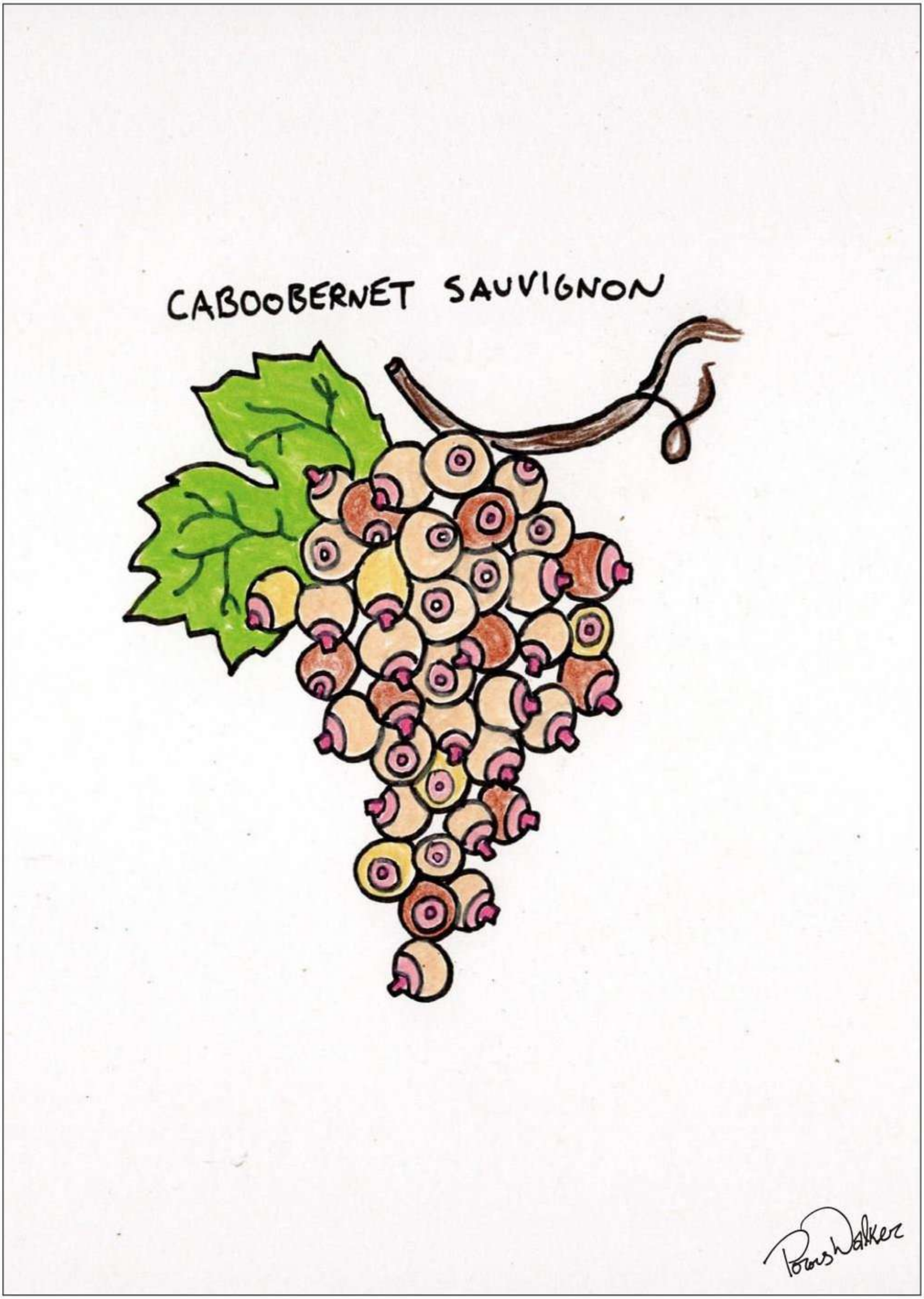
> 1 <

SHADOW OF THE COLOSSUS

(2005, PS3)

The Last Guardian's roots show in this immersive adventure. Players clamber up badass monsters that look and shamble like shaggy mountains, seeking weak points to bring them down. Entire books have been written about the artistic merits of this game, considered the "Mona Lisa" of interactive entertainment.

IMAGES: GAMESPRESS


CABOOBERNET SAUVIGNON
PorousWalker

WORLD WRESTLING DEVASTATION

BOOZE, DRUGS, AND SMACKDOWNS. BY TOBIAS HANDKE

ONE of professional wrestling's greatest behind-the-scenes stories is the infamous "plane ride from hell" that took place on May 5, 2002. Over the course of a seven-hour flight from London to New York, following the group's European tour, a 747 charter plane full of wrestlers, management staff, and television crew found themselves getting loaded on drinks from an in-flight open bar and GHB (aka liquid ecstasy), leading to violence, sexual assault, and a hefty lawsuit for the WWE (formerly the WWF).

Things started out innocently enough, with notorious prankster Curt Hennig and bad boy Scott Hall running throughout the cabin spraying people with shaving cream. This somehow led to Hennig and Brock Lesnar arguing over who was a better grappler, and they proceeded to see who could take the other down in the aisles. What began as a friendly tussle soon turned serious, and the two almost came to blows. The wrestlers had to be separated by Dave Finley, Triple H, and Paul Heyman after getting a little too close to the emergency exit.

RIC FLAIR WAS SCREAMING HIS FAMOUS CATCHPHRASE, "WOOOO!", AND MAKING SEXUAL GESTURES TOWARD TWO FEMALE ATTENDANTS.

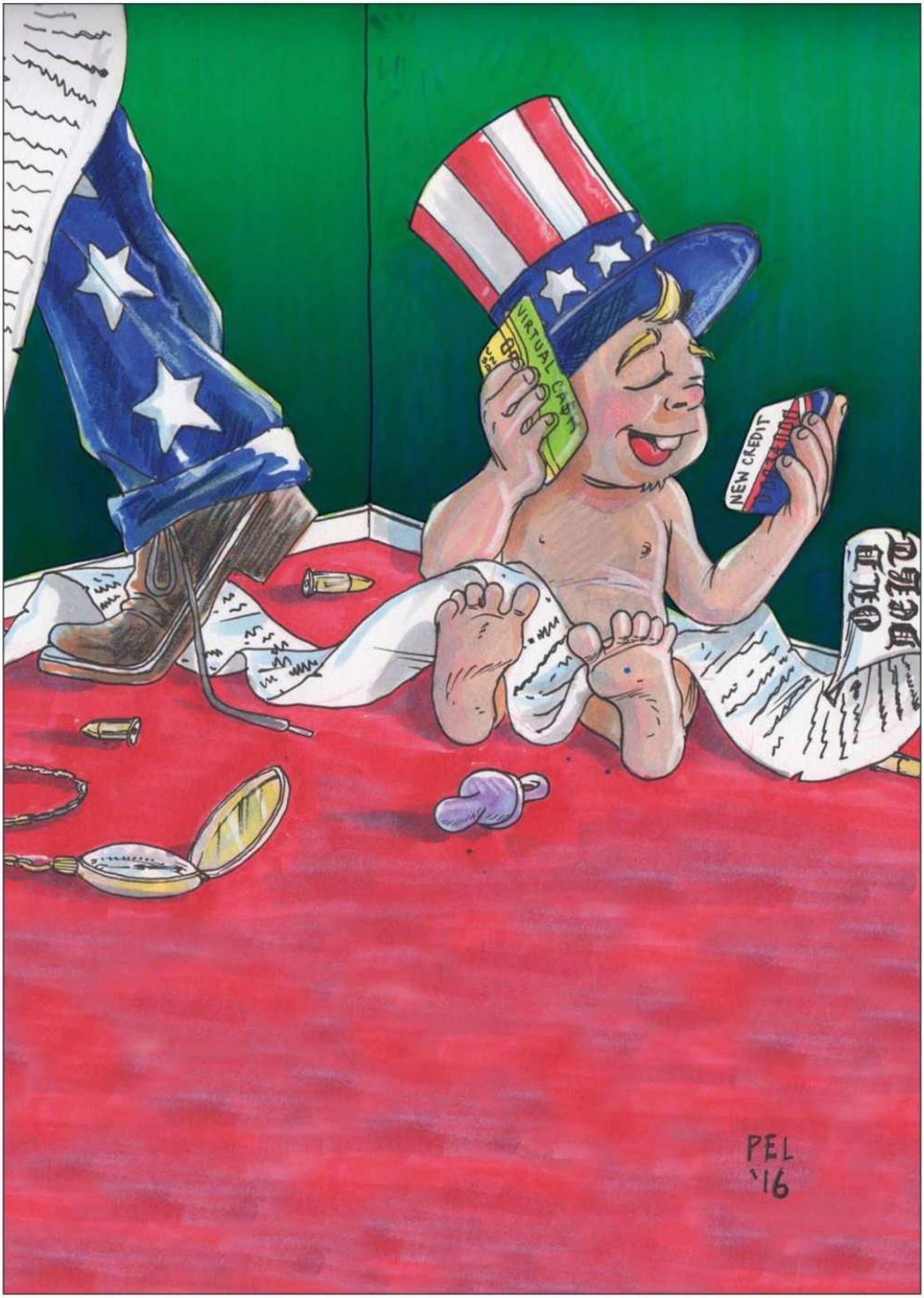
Soon after, Ric Flair began waltzing around the plane in his famous robe, sans underwear. It's said he was screaming his famous catchphrase, "Woooo!", and making sexual gestures toward two female attendants, who later filed a lawsuit against the WWE. That suit also included Dustin "Goldust" Rhodes, who, according to one of the attendants, told her, "You and me are gonna fuck." Things only got worse for Rhodes when he commandeered the plane's PA system and drunkenly serenaded his ex-wife, Terri Runnels, who was also on the flight. Jim Ross, president of talent relations, was forced to step in and reprimand Rhodes.

Meanwhile, Hall of Famer Michael Hayes, who was a road agent at the time, found himself on the receiving end of a prank from Sean "X-Pac" Waltman. Hayes, a big drinker, had a reputation for being a bully. At one point, he was so drunk he mistook Linda McMahon (wife of owner Vince) for a toilet and tried to relieve himself on her. He eventually found himself sitting next to John Bradshaw Layfield, who was resting in the back of the plane. JBL's forehead had been split open during a match, and Hayes decided to wake him with a punch directly on the site of the cut, reopening the wound and covering JBL's face and clothes in blood. JBL in turn clocked Hayes with one punch, knocking him out cold. Waltman, who had expressed his dislike for Hayes multiple times, then took out a pair of scissors and chopped off Hayes' trademark mullet, to everyone's amusement. It wasn't until Hayes went through customs that he realized what had happened. He was so angry he almost got into a fight with security.

While all this was going on, Scott Hall, known as one of the wilder wrestlers at that time, was missing all the action. After the earlier shaving-cream incident, Hall got so drunk he passed out, with Justin Credible forced to babysit his motionless body and make sure he was still alive when the plane landed.

The whole incident went down in wrestling history, but it was seen by the company as one of its darkest days. Both Hennig's and Hall's contracts were terminated shortly after, while Rhodes was forced off television until his contract expired. Jim Ross was also made something of a scapegoat, which put a strain on his relationship with McMahon. Ultimately it shone a spotlight on the rock 'n' roll lifestyle of professional wrestlers, and the negative publicity forced the WWE to become a more professional organization, and in particular address the way it dealt with drug and alcohol use. Pussies.

IMAGES: GAMESPRESS / WWE2K14


VIRTUAL CASH
NEW CREDIT
PEL
'16

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

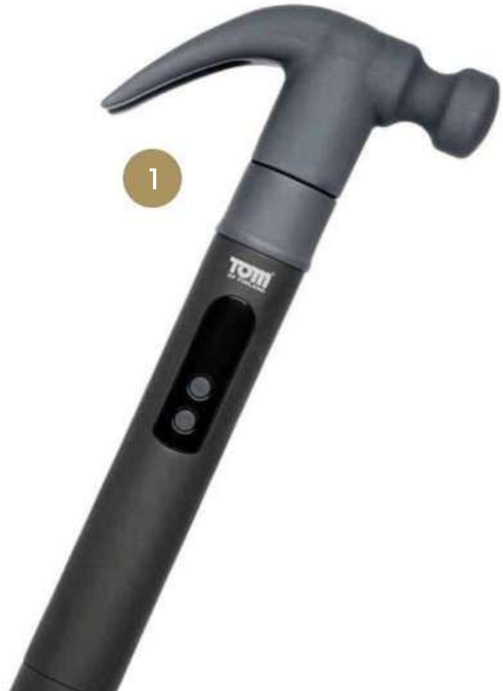
BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Tom of Finland Night Stick and Hammer Vibe
People often wonder how grandiose architectural structures can inexplicably collapse, and the reason is that people like me are hired to build them. I am, perhaps, the least handy man on the planet. Some people are "all thumbs"; I'm not that lucky. I have no useful digits whatsoever, and as a result I've lived my entire life never knowing the joys of Kerouac-like adventures hitchhiking across America.

I took wood shop in high school and nearly cut off my pinkie finger. With a screwdriver. While the rest of my class made fancy wooden rocking horses as Christmas gifts for their moms, I was in charge of sweeping up the sawdust. I broke four brooms in three months. The shop teacher asked one of the quadriplegic girls in class to make a second horse so I'd have something to give my mom for the holidays and "not feel like a complete failure."

What the shop teacher failed to realize was that I do not suffer from feelings of failure. I view my inability to perform any task (and there are many) as personal victories, because no one will ever ask me to attempt said task for risk of fire, flood, or bodily harm, and this only frees up more personal time for me to daydream about the important things in life, like butt sex.

Luckily my mind makes up for what I lack in my hands. In my head, I can build palaces dedicated to butt sex so wonderful they make the Louvre look like a hot-dog stand on the side of Route 66.



And when I'm actually required to get handy, in reality, I simply pay someone else to do it and then take all the credit. I had a glorious throne room built in my basement, fully equipped with a Jacuzzi, sex shower with more heads than a Hydra, and a Japanese water-spraying toilet that plays music as it dries your ass; it's what I imagine Trump would've turned the Oval Office into.

The first question I get when I show off my favorite room in the house, as if I bow to some archaic measure of manhood that could only be validated by calluses and craftsmanship, is, "Did you build this yourself?" To which I always respond, "Yes! Of course! With one hand!" Then I raise my right hand in the air as if I'm signing an invisible check. This response is often met with scowls of disdain from manly men, which only makes me repeat the punch line again, louder: "WITH ONE HAND, I SAID."

Because of my inability to build, dismantle, or fix anything, every time I've heard the lyrics, "If I had a hammer / I'd hammer in the morning / I'd hammer in the evening," I've thought to myself, *If I had a hammer I'd shove it up Mary's ass*. It appears Tom of Finland has been reading my diary (or my thoughts), because now I can. All over this land. This powerful two-in-one silicone plaything with 12 vibrating functions allows me to hammer Mary's hole, or plunge the 11.5-inch nightstick deep inside her while feeling like the strapping man society expects me to be. I look forward to the day when ToF creates a dildo drill and chain-saw set.

Rating: Rating: 10 toftools.com

2 / F-Machine Pro II

I've always sung the praises of pornography as being instrumental in keeping couples together. For the better part of my 15 years with my wife, I've been away from her, on the road, and I truly don't think I could have made it through without the safe, healthy, and consensual release that porn offers.

Wherever I am in the world, I typically masturbate once or twice before leaving the hotel with the belief that you can't shoot someone if you don't take your guns to town. Though recently it dawned on me how selfish and one-sided that belief system is. It also made me wonder what the hell my wife has been doing for the past decade and a half while I was away.

Rather than read *her* diary, I reached out to the good folks at Cloud 9 Novelties and made the greatest investment (since my vasectomy) with the portable yet powerful (110 volts!!!) sex machine known as the F-Machine Pro II.

Let's face it, when it comes to sex, like most things in life, men tend to have it good while women get the short end of the stick, literally and figuratively. For men, mouths, vaginas, and buttholes are one-size-fits-all and we're just happy to be in any one of the three.

Sadly, according to *Medical News Today,* the average erect-penis size is 5.1 inches, and I can speak for most women (even those that swear size doesn't matter) when I say five inches ain't getting the job done. Throw one or two vaginal childbirths into the equation and the thought of an "average size" penis becomes truly laughable. Thus the reason the F-Machine comes with an eight-inch dong attachment as its "starter size"; Cloud 9 is trying its damnedest to help stop your woman from leaving you.

You can boast all you want about your manhood—hell, I have in the past. But the truth is, there's always someone bigger, and now, thanks to Tinder and Craigslist, they're pretty easy to find. Luckily, you can spend $40 on Cloud 9's 14-inch dong attachment and rest easy with the thought that your lady is going to be hard-pressed to find a fellow on social media packing anything much bigger than that.

Granted, the $599 price tag might seem expensive for a sex toy, but let me start by asking you, what's your relationship worth? Variety is the spice of life, and eventually your woman is going to grow bored of your brand of vanilla and leave your ass if you don't consider buying her this Rambo gun for her guts with an arsenal of dildos in all sizes.

Second, I implore you to Google cheap divorce lawyers. The cheapest I found online was $300; I imagine any lawyer that costs $300 would make Saul Goodman sound like Joe Jamail. How long have you two been together? Factor in alimony. Child support. Suddenly, a one-time fee of $599 sounds really enticing, doesn't it?

But aside from all the precautionary and preventive marriage-saving perks, the F-Machine is a ton of fun to behold. This modern marvel is a gearhead's wet dream. It's made from aircraft metal (Cloud 9's Charlette Lopez informed me, "If the black box can survive a crash, so will your F-Machine"), has six different positions, can thrust from one to six inches, is virtually silent, has speeds of up to 240 rpms, and most importantly doesn't require a Tom of Finland hammer to assemble. It's so easy to put together that even a completely useless, unhandy man like myself had it up and fucking in minutes. (Disclaimer: If you have hardwood floors, do yourself a favor and buy the suction cups so you don't look like 13 clowns riding a unicycle.)

Still not sold, you selfish prick? Well, Cloud 9 makes a male masturbator called the Rocky so your Fleshlight can jerk you off at speeds you've never experienced.

Statistics show that more than 40 percent of marriages end in divorce. The F-Machine is the answer to not only reducing, but fucking the shit out of those numbers.

Rating: 11 cloud9novelties.com

2

VALENTINE'S DAY TREATS

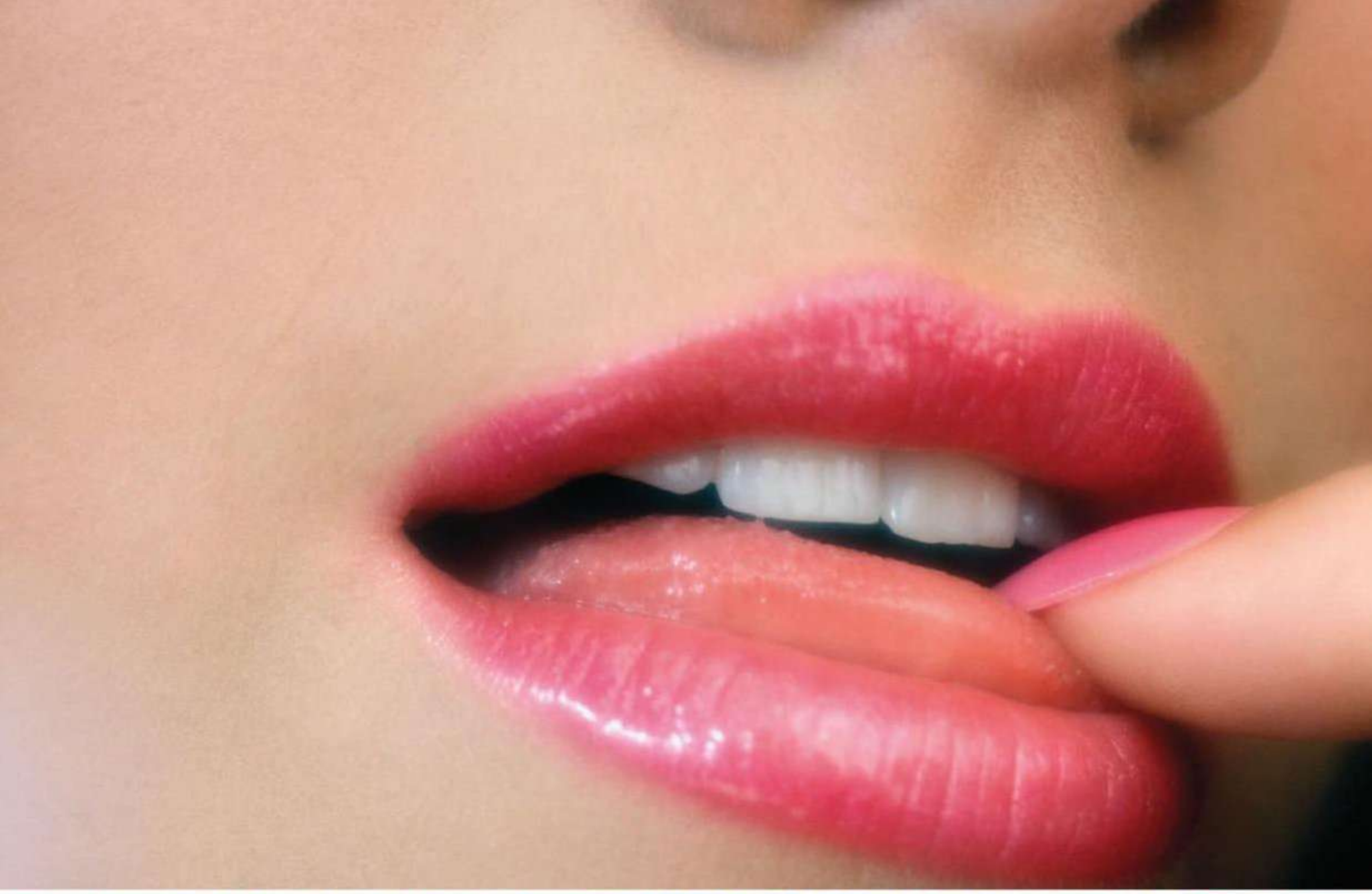
Remember the time you woke up with night sweats, shaken by the dream of your best friend's mother playing dress-up? We sure do. Join us as we peek inside the Penthouse vault and make our boyhood Valentine's Day dreams come true.

Photography: Various

"OLDER WOMEN ARE BEST, BECAUSE THEY ALWAYS THINK THEY MAY BE DOING IT FOR THE LAST TIME."

— IAN FLEMING

“WE ARE MOST ALIVE WHEN WE’RE IN LOVE.”
— JOHN UPDIKE



“STICKING FEATHERS UP YOUR BUTT DOES NOT MAKE YOU A CHICKEN.”

— CHUCK PALAHNIUK

BARE-BAITING

HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED WHEN IT COMES TO OBSCENITY.

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

IN 1969, I argued a case in the U.S. Supreme Court involving the banning of the 1967 Swedish film *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. My client had been sentenced to prison for showing this film at the Symphony Cinema, a respectable art-film theater across from Symphony Hall in Boston. Several of the justices, as well as some of the lower-court judges, were outraged at the nudity and sexuality portrayed in the film. (In reality, it showed no explicit sex and only a small amount of nudity.) We eventually won the case and my client was spared imprisonment, but the film was banned in many parts of the country, and claims that it was protected by the First Amendment were rejected by several courts.

This past year at the Cannes Film Festival, another film was shown and subsequently opened in select theaters around the U.S.: French director Gaspar Noé's *Love*. Although it shows explicit sex in graphic 3D, almost no one took notice, except some film critics. There wasn't a peep from law enforcement, despite the reality that existing Supreme Court precedents might well allow it to be banned, as it falls outside the protection of the First Amendment.

IN THE AREA OF OBSCENITY, HYPOCRISY FUNCTIONS TO ALLOW THE COURTS TO MAINTAIN A PRETENSE OF PURITANISM.

When I saw *Love* at the Angelika Film Center in New York City, the theater was nearly empty. Two elderly women sat behind me, and two middle-aged women in front of me. A scattering of other couples, all donning 3D glasses, constituted the remaining audience. The film was a bit too graphic for my taste, especially one in-your-face scene that I will not describe. The plot was about a man who regretted the loss of an earlier love and relived their passion in his mind (and on the screen). The 3D component added little.

The point of comparing *Love* to *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is that the law has hardly changed in the half century that separates the films, but public acceptance of cinematic sexuality has changed perceptibly. The internet, where all manner of porn is easily available, is both a cause and effect of this change.

It's important to remember that in a democracy, even a democracy in which the Supreme Court plays so central a role, it's the people who ultimately decide. This is especially true in an area like obscenity, where "community standards" help define the law. These standards are ever-shifting, and are subject to influences outside of the law.

While the Supreme Court has insisted that the government has the power to punish the showing of "obscene" films in theaters and on cable and on-demand television, the people have voted the other way with their feet (and their remotes). The law in action today bears little resemblance to the law as articulated by the Supreme Court, which places obscenity outside the protection of the First Amendment. The law in action more closely resembles the approach I advocated in my first encounter with the law of obscenity back in 1969, when I argued that the government has no business telling a consenting adult what he or she may or may not watch in a theater (or on video or TV) from which children are excluded, so long as the "externalities"—the images that appear in public view outside the theater, like trailers and movie posters—are not obscene.

Generally, the law as articulated by the courts will follow the law in action, lest it become anachronistic or patently hypocritical. Hypocrisy, it has been said, is the tribute vice pays to virtue. In the area of obscenity, hypocrisy functions to allow the courts to maintain a pretense of puritanism in a world of prurience. British historian and politician T. B. Macaulay once observed that, "The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Some adults enjoy watching sexually explicit films. Although some puritans and feminists hate this, there is no evidence that it causes the type of harm (or pleasure) that government should be empowered to prevent by censorship.

In recent years, few obscenity prosecutions involving adult films viewed by adult audiences have been brought. That, too, is the law in action—or inaction.

Most Americans seem to understand that obscenity, while offensive to some, is not provably harmful to others. That's why obscenity prosecutions have a relatively low rate of success. I have been involved in dozens of obscenity cases over the years and do not recall ever losing one.

PHOTO: COURTESY OF WILDBUNCH INTERNATIONAL SALES / © GASPAR NOÉ

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / MICHAEL SCHWARTZ

DIALED IN

WE ACCEPT THE CHARGES FOR COMEDIAN ARI SHAFFIR.

INTERVIEW BY: CHRIS NIERATKO

AMERICA nearly elected a mindless buffoon as its 45th president last month, simply because “he spoke his mind.” By that philosophy, the hilarious and politically honest host of Comedy Central’s *This Is Not Happening,* Ari Shaffir, is way overqualified. Shaffir speaks with a witty bluntness that can only be pulled off by a New York City native, yet his disarming California-stoner delivery makes topics like genocide seem not only acceptable but pleasant.

We caught up with the toast of the comic circuit on his flip phone as he prepared for his latest special, to discuss technology shaming, euthanizing both the young and the old, taking mushrooms after 40, and Tinder fail.

“SHE CRIED AT FIRST. I ASKED IF IT WAS BECAUSE I’M HUGE AND SHE SAID, ‘NO, IT’S BECAUSE IT’S BEAUTIFUL.’”

What’s with the flip phone, Ari?

I just didn’t want to deal with it anymore.

You had a smartphone? You went black and came back?

Yeah, exactly. But it’s too much: Instagram, Snapchat, Facebook, Tinder, email. I just wasn’t being socially present anymore and we’re all like that—dinner with somebody, looking at the tops of their heads.

Miss any of it?

For sure. I get lost constantly. When I’m on the road I don’t know where to eat. I could eat around the corner from the best, cheapest place and I would have no clue.

Why don’t you just throw the phone in the ocean and try it that way?

I think about that, too. I have a friend, he only has a home phone. I asked him if he missed out on stuff. He said, “What? What would I miss out on? There’s nothing to miss out on. There’s nothing that needs to happen that fast.” People ask if I miss out on work. The answer is no—my agent knows if they need to reach me they text me. I’m not off the grid. Off the grid is when you have nothing.

How do you send/receive porn pics with a flip phone?

I can get picture messages, but they come up really small. I can’t really send any out. I have to just do the texting, but that’s hard, too. It takes a long time. When people send me stuff I have to forward it to my email and then open it up wide, otherwise I can’t really see it. That’s a negative for sure. You try to get a girl’s number and take your phone out. She’s like, “What is that?!”

She’s technology-shaming you.

Exactly. They laugh and scoff. I’m like, “I did this on purpose.”

I need the phone to be able to watch porn on the road.

I don’t know, imagination is an amazing thing.

I think the smartphone has killed imaginations.

For sure! I got my imagination back. I can invent my own stories. It’s not an issue.

How long does it take after you get rid of the smartphone to get back your inner child?

It was immediate with being present socially. That day. People were asking me and I’m like, “I’m talking to you. I’m not going under the table to check my Instagram feed.”

Speaking of the inner child, I read you barely change your sheets. You’re like a man-child. I’ve got a philosophy that if I don’t learn how to do something no one can ask me to do it.

Oh, my brother was like that with mowing the lawn. I tried to show him and he’s like, “No, no. I can’t learn right now.” He tried pulling the same thing with sweeping, but you know how to sweep. Stop it.

I was that way with laundry. Forty years and I’ve never done laundry.

What a chump! When I got to college I would use the washing machines in the dorms. I would see these rich kids just starring at me, wondering how to do it, and I wouldn’t even try to help them. See ya, little spoiled kid. Go figure it out.

I’m not rich, I’m just lazy.

That’s a different kind of spoiled. Self-made spoiled.

The only thing I left college with was foot fungus from the showers. What was your best memory of college?

I lost my virginity, that was pretty nice. That was a highlight. I was late; 23.

How’d that go down?

Great. You put it right in then pull out a little bit, then put it in more, then you pull it out a little more, then you put it back in. That’s pretty much it.

You got three put-ins. That’s impressive!

Yeah, she cried at first. I asked if it was because I’m huge and she said, “No, it’s because it’s beautiful.”

I thought you were going to say because the lights were on.

Yeah, she was like, “I told you I didn’t want to do this!” No, that’s probably the

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / CHELSEA LAUREN

libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

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highlight. That was a big moment. I can't imagine anything bigger.

You mentioned Tinder earlier. I've been married for ten years. I've never experienced the joy of Tinder. Do you have experiences with it?

I didn't really get going. I hooked up a couple times but it was always a weird thing. You match with somebody and you're like, "What do I say to you? Hi?"

From what I'm told you just arrive pantless and that's it.

It was supposed to be hetero-Grindr but it never became that. It's still kind of crazy. My friend hooked up with somebody in a park, in the daytime, during her period. He showed up at the comedy club and had to wash himself off.

This guy I know fucked a woman in a KFC bathroom while her husband and kids were eating in the restaurant.

No way. Oh, my God. How do you lose yourself with somebody to where that's an option? Jesus. Her kids are right there? That's somebody who just wants the risk and excitement, right? That is horrifying.

But it makes for a great story. Your Comedy Central show is about amazing stories like that. Which has been one of the most memorable?

Ali Siddiq told a story about his prison riot; it was pretty interesting. When the Mexicans come up wearing boots that means they're going to riot because they're going kick people and stab them. It was like his first week in prison and he didn't know what that meant. Everyone's like, "The Mexicans got on boots!" He's like, "What does that mean?" Everyone starts running, he's asking, "Why are we running?" He got stabbed, too.

I'm blown away that you're 42 and still do mushrooms.

Well, I got into it later, at 30, because I was religious. I've just been making up for lost time. That and women. A lot of guys say, "I used to do that a long time ago." Great, you worked it out. I did not. I do it maybe five times a year. It's more of a summer drug to me. You want to be able to wander around. So once it gets warmer, I'd probably do it at a music festival, and then I'd do it at Shroomfest; I started an international mushroom festival where everyone takes mushrooms. It's like my holiday. It's the best. It just helps you think right.

Never any bad trips for you?

Not one. I was with a guy who started contemplating death. He had a real hard time, like, "We're all going to die!" He had a bad hour but after that hour he was laughing with all of us like crazy. Even if it's bad it's better than a cross-country flight next to a two-year-old. Oh! One time I was at a music festival in Ottawa, a blues fest. Santana was playing. I was watching him for a little while, but it got weird because all of his fan base is old. On mushrooms, man, those wrinkles, they multiply on people. I didn't care for it so I just went to the side stage and lay down next to a tree. As I let my mind wander, I started to feel like I was on a river. Water was flowing around me and carrying me off. Then I came to and some dude was pissing on the other side of the tree. I was like, "Goddamn it!"

"I STARTED AN INTERNATIONAL MUSHROOM FESTIVAL WHERE EVERYONE TAKES MUSHROOMS. IT'S LIKE MY HOLIDAY."

I know in the past you've had issues with old people being out of touch. I'm not a big fan of old people. At what point do you think we should take them out to the farm?

I just think they've got to retire and stay out of public eye. At some point you become irrelevant and you annoy people with your level of irrelevance. Go on vacation. Do whatever. Have your bus tour. Quit bugging us with your stupid irrelevant thoughts.

I think that applies to all old people, not just public figures. At some point your usefulness is up and you should be put down mercifully.

I was talking about this with somebody yesterday; her grandfather had just died. She said, "If I was him I would've committed suicide about eight years before." Any sort of senility I'm like, "Let's call it right now. Let me watch one Netflix series and then I'll be out." I won't be locked in my apartment or house all day, every day.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / LAURA CAVANAUGH

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“THERE ARE TOO MANY DUMB KIDS. WE NEED WORKERS, BUT WE DON’T NEED THEM THAT BAD.”

Any thoughts of having kids ever?
No. Fuck that. They’re awful. I hear the reports from people. Publicly they’re like, “It’s great,” but if you don’t ask them it always comes up and it’s always negative, like, “I couldn’t sleep, the baby keeps waking up.” It’s never like, “What an amazing thing!” They only tell you about the negatives and there’s so many. It doesn’t seem worth it.

Much like old people, I think we should take the stupid ones out to a farm and shoot them. I think there should be an aptitude test for parenting. If you have only smart people becoming parents, I think you’d hear better feedback. There are too many dumb people having kids.
Yeah, there’s too many dumb kids. We need workers but we don’t need them that bad.

We’re overpopulated with grunts.
Yeah, we’re good now. That’s why when I’m on the subway and people tell me to stand up for a pregnant lady I’m like, “No. Those days are over.” That was to incentivize people to get pregnant but we have too many now. We need decentives now. We should be able to make a pregnant lady get up and tell them, “You are ruining this for everybody. Look how packed it is at 3 P.M. on a Thursday. Fuck that. I’m sitting down.” Every time Hillary Clinton is like, “We need to take care of women who get pregnant,” I’m like, Why? Just don’t get pregnant. We don’t need it. Just don’t do it.

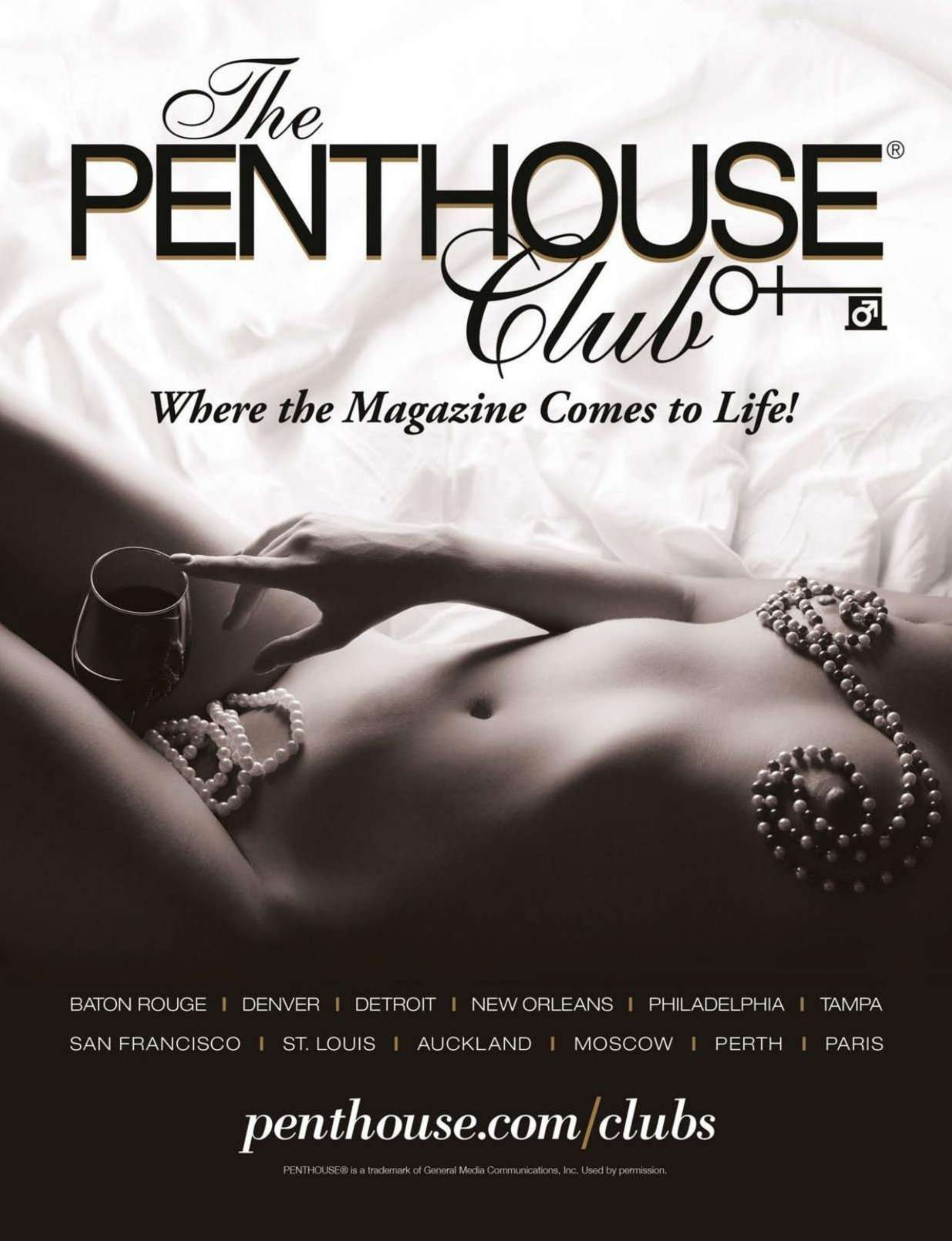
What’s the future hold for you? What’s next?
Just more of this, more stand-up, more of the Comedy Central show. I’ve got a special coming out in the spring. I’m always asked what’s next, and I’m doing it. I don’t want to do anything else. Somebody should ask LeBron James, “What’s next?”

What are your predictions for 2017?
War with Syria, probably. Maybe Russia, too. It’s not a good outlook. More angry feminists. Mostly the same stuff. Everybody gets a little richer and a little weirder at the same time. Maybe revolution time? I think the revolution will finally start.

Will you come full circle and be on a smartphone again?
I don’t know, man. It’s already been longer than I thought. December marks two years. I didn’t think I’d make it one year. I’m pretty happy without it. I might get weak and get back to one, but hopefully not. Maybe I’ll go the other way and get a home phone, and only have a landline. We were talking about this, how in the old days, if you had to meet up with your friends, you made plans at school or forget it. You had no idea where they were. If they were out, they were out. I want to be out.

Listen to Ari’s weekly podcast, Skeptic Tank, on arishaffir.com.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / LAURA CAVANAUGH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NO REGERTS!

Naomi Woods, our fun-size January Pet of the Month, may have gone a little too big in Vegas. Happens to the best of us. Fortunately, this half-Puerto Rican half-Scottish firecracker doesn't rattle easily. And what could be more fun than waking up next to her, trying to piece together the debaucherous antics of the wild night before?

Photography: Tammy Sands

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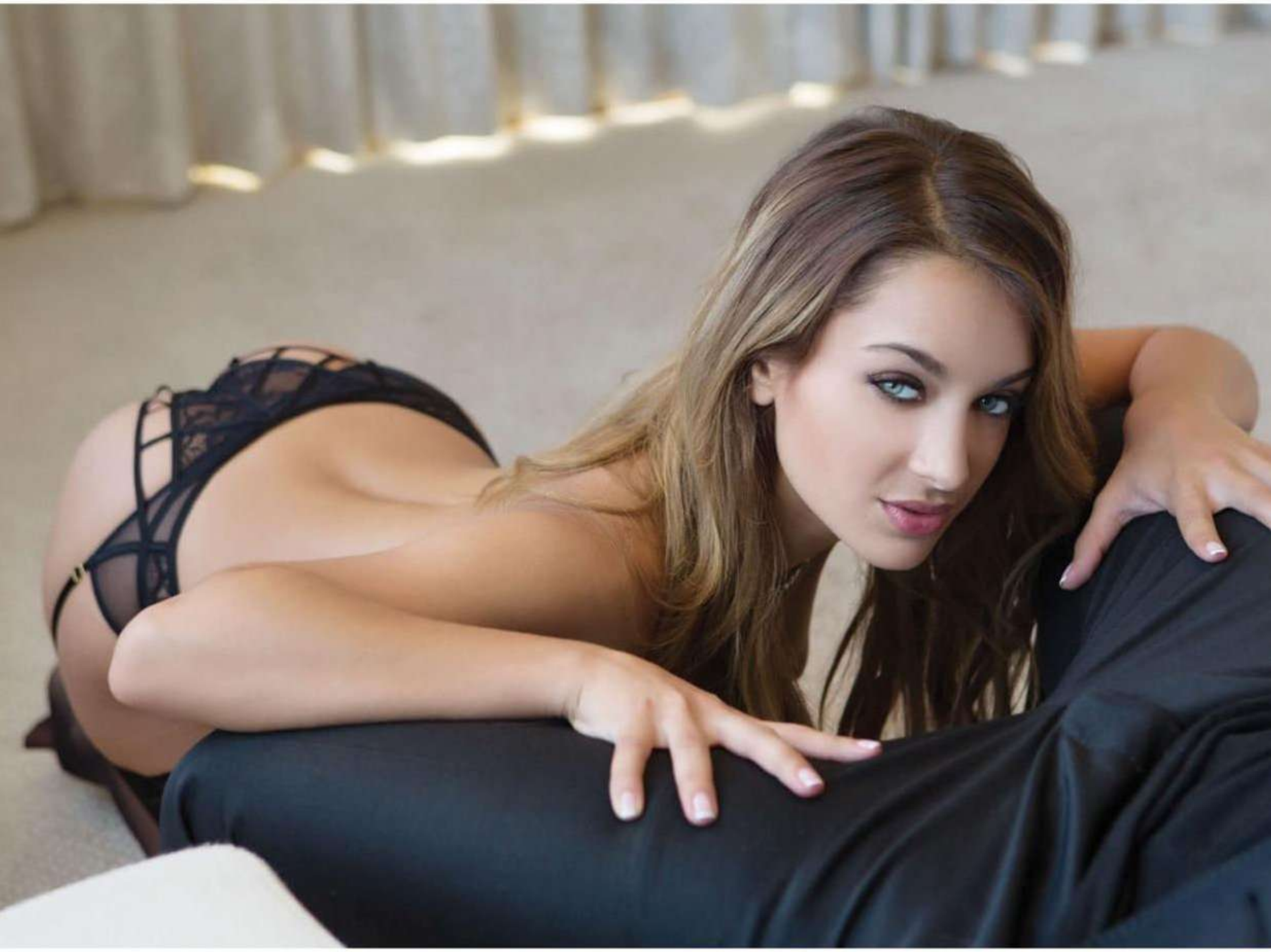
“MY CLIT’S SUPER SENSITIVE. I START SQUIRMING. THERE’S REALLY NO WRONG WAY TO PLAY WITH IT.”

“I LIKE CALLING A GUY ‘DADDY.’ I LIKE BEING SUPER SUBMISSIVE AND HAVING HIM TAKE OVER COMPLETELY.”

“I WANT TO CONNECT WITH SOMEONE’S SOUL AND GET TO KNOW THEM INSIDE AND OUT.”

“I LOVE SHOWER SEX...GETTING PUSHED UP AGAINST THE TILE WALL AND FUCKED.”



BABE IN THE BATH WATER

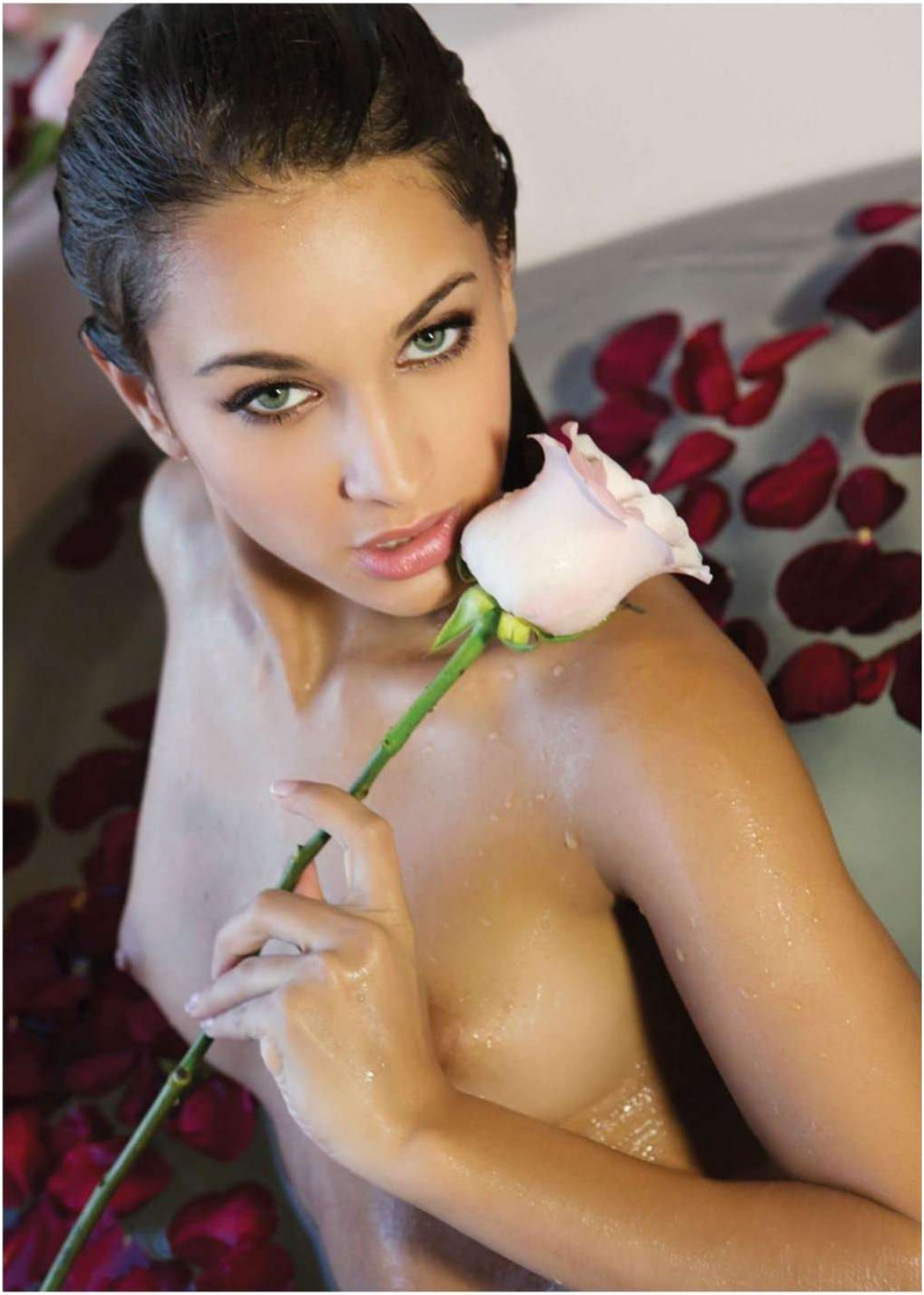
It doesn't take much for February Pet of the Month Uma Jolie to get us in the mood. Those bedroom eyes, her perfect curves, that gentle kiss. One look from this sultry vixen has us begging to join her.

Photography: Tammy Sands

“I LOVE WEARING LINGERIE. I FEEL LIKE A SEXY SUPERHERO UNDER MY CLOTHING AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW.”

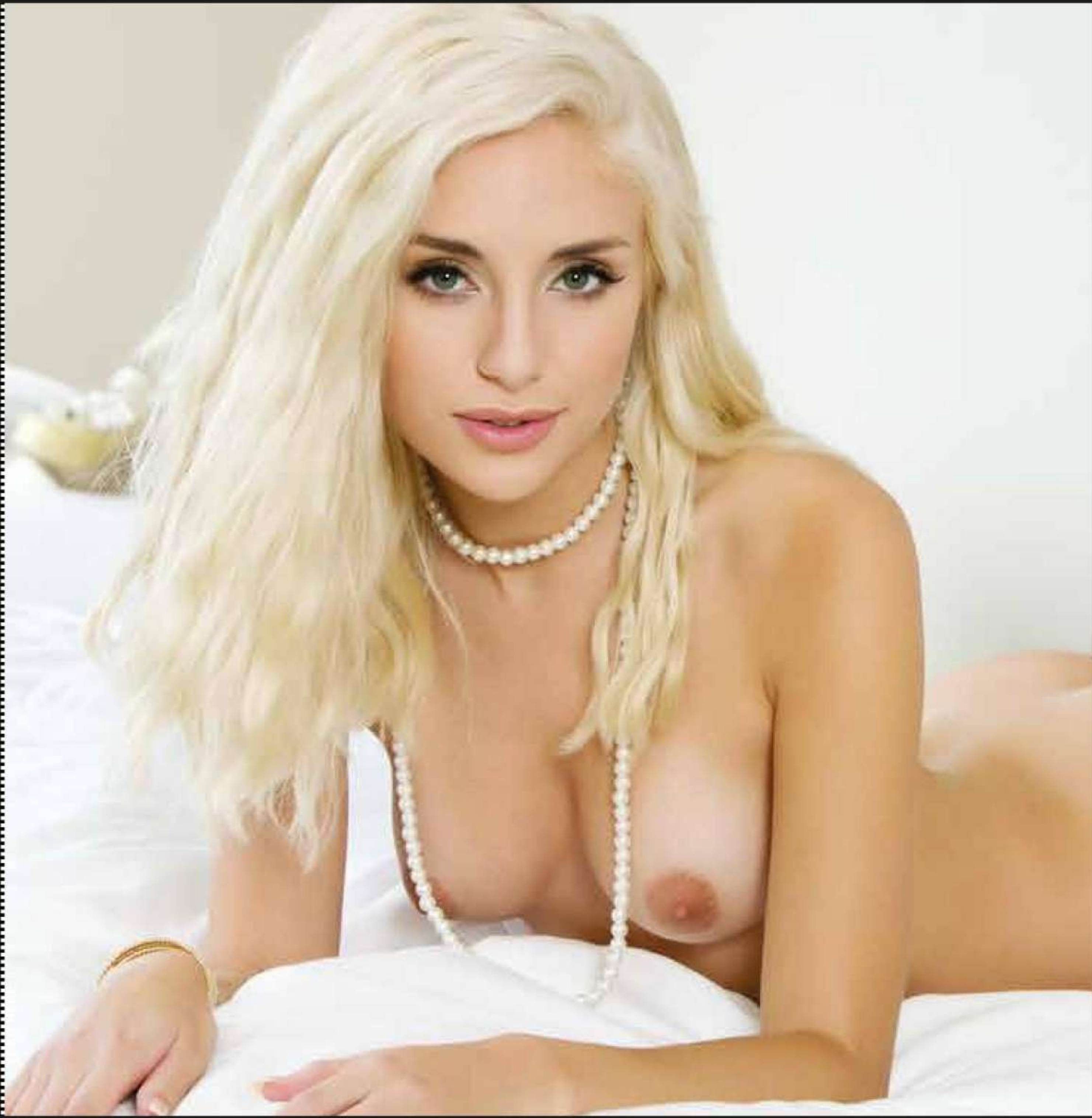
“MY FAVORITE POSITION IS DOGGIE BECAUSE I LIKE TO LAY THERE AND GET IT.”

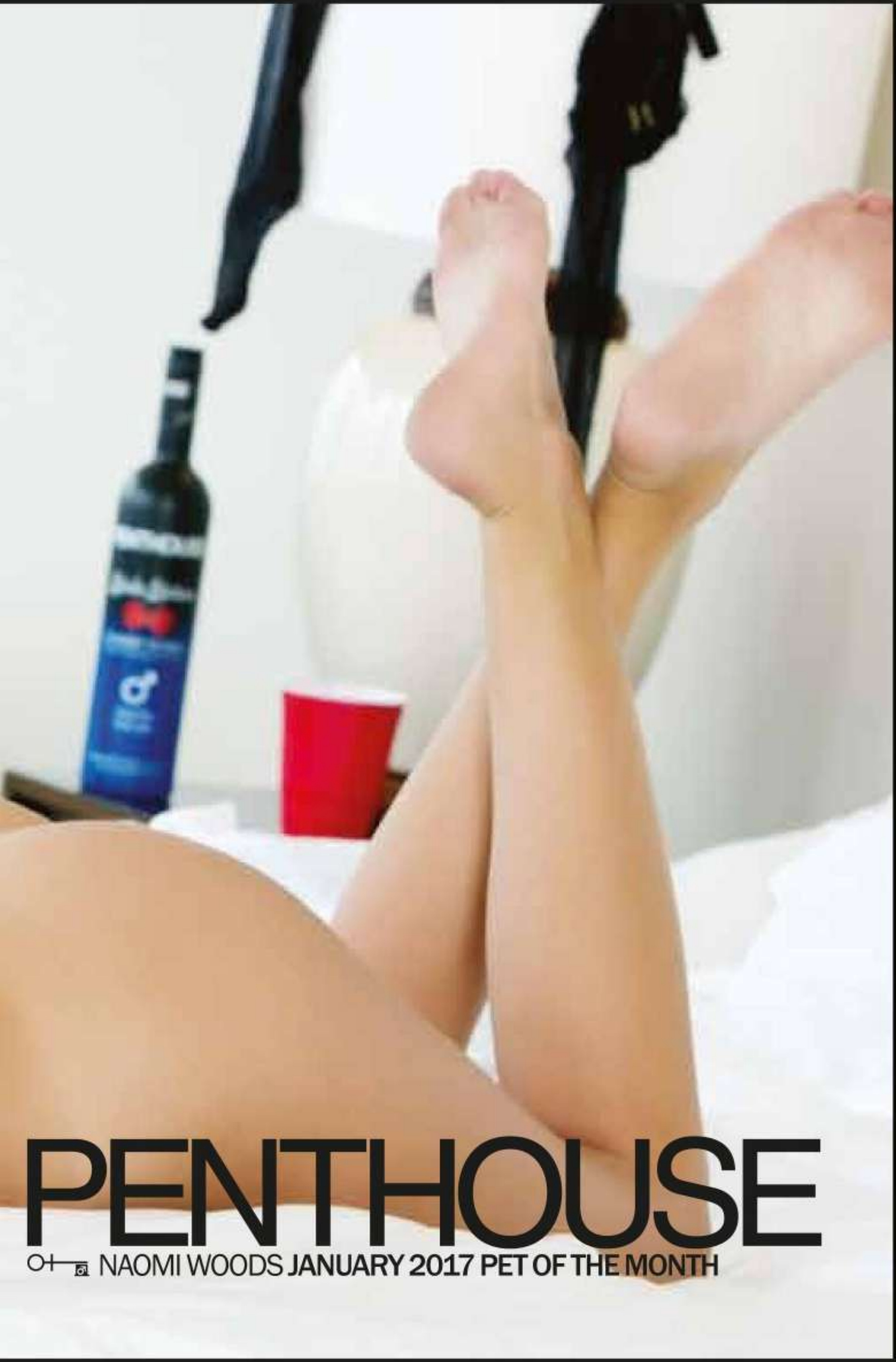
“I’M NOT A PRETENTIOUS GIRL WHO’S TRYING TO LOOK GOOD ALL THE TIME. I LIKE TO CLOWN AROUND.”



“I AM A FUCKING
HOPELESS ROMANTIC.”

⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩





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NAOMI WOODS **JANUARY 2017 PET OF THE MONTH**

Vital Stats:
34-24-24
5'5"
20 years old

Hometown: Omaha, Nebraska

How often do you get mistaken for Daenarys Targaryen?

All the time...like, almost every day. I've been to restaurants and the people who seat me will say, "Whatever you wish, Mother of Dragons."

Do you play along?

Hell yeah, I do.

What do you do when you're not hustling George R. R. Martin fans for free meals?

I like to read. My favorite book is *The Things They Carried* by Tim O'Brien. The wordplay is amazing. The way he writes...the book is just so fucking pretty and passionate.

So this photo shoot was a complete departure from your personality.

Not really. I like to go out and party. I wouldn't wake up next to Elvis, but waking up hungover and still a little drunk? Definitely.

What's your most memorable night out?

They are all pretty intense. Clubs, after-parties–it gets tiring. I really like Hennessy and cranberry.

Yeesh. That sounds like a recipe for a rough morning after.

Yeah. There was this one time after Christmas. My head was pounding for like three days. I woke up completely naked in my own bed with no idea what happened.

Does that happen a lot?

No, but I like having sex in public. It's such a rush.

More please.

When I lived in Georgia with my ex, we fucked on the porch in front of everybody. The mailman, people riding bikes. He was sitting and I faced outward, like reverse... like some sneaky James Bond shit.

SEE MORE OF NAOMI AT PENTHOUSE.COM

PENTHOUSE

UMA JOLIE **FEBRUARY 2017 PET OF THE MONTH**

Vital Stats:

32-25-34
5'3"
21 years old

Hometown: Woodland Hills, California

Why are people intimidated by you?

People tell me I have a serious face.

You have resting bitch face?

Yeah! They tell me I have bitch face so people are scared to approach me, which is crazy.

Are you a Valentine's Day girl, or could you care less?

I try to think of it as a bullshit holiday, but in reality, if someone gives me flowers I'm going to cry. When someone takes the time to show they care about me, it means a lot.

What's your ideal way to spend Valentine's Day?

No huge, elaborate fairytale. What really makes me happy is my couch, my puppies, and scary movies. That would be the shit.

Not even a special holiday bath?

I love baths. I don't shower, I only bathe.

What?!

I like to lay down and take time washing myself. Not like in a shower, standing there forever with my ankles hurting.

Really? You hike and are all outdoorsy, but showering hurts your ankles?

Yeah. Showering just isn't relaxing to me.

Tell me about your infatuation with ginger women.

Man. I have this weird obsession with pink areolas. I'm like addicted to peach-colored nipples. Peach nipples and peach pussy lips are my shit.

SEE MORE OF UMA AT PENTHOUSE.COM

HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

DIVIDED WE FAIL

My wife is way more of a disciplinarian with our kids than I am. But she shuts me down every time I tell her she's too hard on them. They're good kids, and one of them is starting to develop some phobias. Is this related? What can I do?

Yeah, being a parent is rough. It's the best thing ever but it's also the most challenging. I'm a mother of a nine-year-old girl (hopefully she never Googles me), and I suck at disciplining. I'm basically like a child myself. But my daughter behaves well in school and is a great kid. So I think I'm doing something right? Children developing phobias and other neurotic traits at a young age is very scary. I'm not sure if it's related to your wife's disciplining or not, but you should bring the kid to a child therapist. And you and your wife should see a mediator to help you get on the same page. Me and my kid's dad aren't together, but we occasionally see a therapist, just to check in and hash things out when we need to. Therapy is a godsend, if you ask me. Good luck.

DOUBLE STANDARD

I'm a 19-year-old girl with a huge sex drive. It sucks, because my guy friends can go out and hook up as much as they want, but those same guys consider me a slut. Wtf?

What?! Fuck that. It's 2017. How did you not get the memo? Hello? Amber Rose SlutWalk, Hillary as president, more women deciding not to get married and have kids. It's our time to do whatever the fuck we want. Is "slut" even a negative word anymore? I see it as a positive thing. It means you're having fun! Girls who aren't being slutty are missing out. Actually, this reminds me that I really need to get my slut on soon. I've been slacking. Keep being a slut and stay strong!

MISSIONARY IMPOSSIBLE

I have a great relationship with my wife, but I'm way more sexually adventurous than she is. Anything I can do to graduate from missionary?

First of all, congrats for being in a marriage. That's amazing. Relationships totally baffle me, so I commend you. Why don't you just flip her over and get at her doggie-style? Or maybe go to a sex store and buy some toys? Open up a dialogue about it, tell her how attracted you are to her, that you want to eat the booty and all that. Too much? Look, you're the man. And in the bedroom, I want the man to be in control. I want him to be flipping me over and getting me in positions I didn't even know I was capable of. It's what you're on earth to do. Fuck your wife properly! Be a man and do it. She will most likely be very happy you took control.

SIDE JOB

My boss's wife got drunk and flirted with me at a company party. Now she's texting me and getting super suggestive. She's really, really hot, but I need my job...

One of my life sayings is, "Chaos gets me wet." But then I realized the chaos was killing me. It's so much fun at first. It's like a drug. I bet the sex would be off the hook with this chick, plus just knowing how *bad* it is makes it feel so fucking *good* sometimes, right? But if you don't want your life turned upside-down and to get fired, you should probably keep your dick in your pants for this one. If you are into fucking people's wives, maybe find someone not married to your boss. That would be a little less chaotic.

PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH

So I caught my BF of five years masturbating this morning and it creeped me out. He totally opened up Instagram and tried to play it off. It was a weird situation and I don't know what to do. Please help, Leah!

Don't be creeped out! Next time just be like, "Baby let me help you!" Then go sit on it or put it in your mouth. Make it an opportunity to have some fun. Or just tell him you want to help and put on a striptease for him. Masturbation is natural. Talk about it with him. Tell him you felt a little weird but want him to know it's all good. You guys have been together five years! That's practically a lifetime! Especially in Hollywood years. You need to be able to communicate. I mean, I don't know much about being in a healthy relationship with a man, but I know communication is mad important. Good luck, boo.

SPLITTING THE CHERRY WOOD

Hi Leah, my family is super religious and conservative. I was really sheltered growing up. But now I'm away at college and I'm still a virgin. I've been hooking up with this girl I really like, but she's way more experienced than I am. She's expecting sex and I want to give it to her, but I have no idea what to do, and I don't think I'll last very long.

That's adorable! I think she'll appreciate that she is taking your virginity. I know I would. Don't look at your inexperience as a negative. Look on the bright side. If I was her I would be thinking, *Great! This guy isn't totally damaged goods yet. Maybe there will be a chance he's not an asshole dirtbag*. I've dated guys who I was much more experienced than, and I found it to be a turn-on teaching them where exactly to put their tongue and whatnot. But hopefully you're a quick learner, because most of the time we ladies want the man to be in charge in the bedroom. And about busting a nut too quick: Try to jerk off beforehand!

Need advice? Email leah@penthouse.com.

PHOTO: PRETTY PUKE

GIRLS WHO AREN'T BEING SLUTTY ARE MISSING OUT.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / SAKKMESTERKE

PRESERVE, PROTECT, AND GROPE THE CONSTITUTIONAL GENITALS

BY STEVE FABER

THE above title might not be a bad oath if Donald Trump is elected president, no? However, at this writing, post-release of *Access Hollywood*'s creepy tape of Trump's twisted sexual meanderings, along with a growing number of women accusing him of unwanted sexual advances, the odds that the Donald is elected president are just slightly above electing a case of canned yams to the highest office in the land.

Sex has—no pun—penetrated the politics of our republic since its founding. Whether it be Thomas Jefferson having children with one of his slaves (which was no secret at the time); the numerous affairs of our pre-Civil War presidents; the out-of-wedlock child President Grover Cleveland fathered; the strange and confused start of the twentieth century, which saw the building of a private room off the Oval Office (with an escape door), all for the purpose of enabling Warren Harding's numerous affairs; the indiscretions of FDR, JFK, Bill Clinton, not to mention the too-numerous-to-mention sex scandals of members of the House, Senate, governorships, and on and on….

Whether by remark or action, sex is the jelly to politics' peanut butter.

The situation with Trump, however, is different. And in order to deconstruct why Donald's remarks were and are (and will be, as undoubtedly we'll see more vomitous evidence) just that, I must re-nauseate you. A slice of his conversation with former *Today* show nearly-host Billy Bush caught on a hot mic (emphasis added):

Trump: Yeah, that's her. With the gold. I better use some Tic Tacs, just in case I start kissing her. You know, I'm automatically attracted to beautiful—I just start kissing them. *It's like a magnet. Just kiss. I don't even wait. And when you're a star, they let you do it. You can do anything.*

THIS PUSSY ☑ VOTES
LOVE TRUMPS HATE
WE DO NOT CONSENT TO TRUMP PRES
NASTY WOMEN VOTE FOR HILLARY!
Hands Off My CUNT-ry

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / PACIFIC PRESS

FOR MEN LIKE TRUMP, IT'S MUCH EASIER TO CONTROL BITS AND PIECES THAN IT IS TO ENGAGE IN A REASONABLE DIALOGUE WITH A WOMAN.

Bush: Whatever you want.
Trump: *Grab 'em by the pussy. You can do anything.*
Bush: Uh, yeah, those legs, all I can see is the legs.
Trump: Oh, *it looks good.*

President Obama called this (among other things) "insecure." Others have fallen back on the "immature" excuse. I disagree. Though the remarks may indeed be insecure and immature, they… they're…. How to contextual Mr. Trump's babble? They're… fucking…bizarre. Men do not communicate about women—a man's sexual conquest of a woman—like this. That is, men who are reasonably—just *reasonably*—well-adjusted when it comes to their sexuality.

Trump continually describes his rant as "locker room" banter. As in, *This is what and how men say what they want to say about women. In the locker room.*

What locker room is Mr. Trump hanging out in? Is there a locker room in the deviant block at some nearby federal prison of which I'm unaware? A locker room he frequents? I have to say, I've been around the block and I've never heard any guy describe the action of "grabbing a woman by the pussy." *Grabbing?* What does that even look like?

Sure, of course, men objectify women, usually when men gather at a man-event. *She has a nice ass, she has this, she has that.* When it really gets rolling it can get quite childish. And there is no doubt that men who feel the need to overexplain and hyper-boast about their sexual conquests are either insecure about their own sexual performance, insecure about their personal sexuality in general, incredibly immature, or simply confused about where they fit in the gay-to-straight continuum.

Trump took it a step further, as he does. He wasn't talking about women. He was talking about "it." *Grab 'em by the pussy. It looks good.* More remarks that suggest that when Donald sees a woman, he really doesn't see a woman. He sees a collection of "its." He looks at a woman as one may look at a bunch of Lego pieces. A pile of "its." Things. Bits and pieces. And let's be honest: For men like Trump it's much easier to control bits, pieces, "its," than it is to engage in a reasonably normal sexual dialogue, verbal and non-verbal, with a woman. It's easier to address bits than it is to see and contextualize any type of relationship, minor to major, with the entire being. The whole woman.

This explains why he doesn't really talk about grabbing a particular woman by her genitals. It's "grab 'em" by the genitals. The piece. The part. He might as well have been talking about grabbing a woman by the appendix, by the gall bladder. Those are pieces of anatomy that don't have a mouth to verbalize an objection. The appendix doesn't object, scream, or scowl. It just…is.

And whereas the whole woman speaks, opines, contradicts, adds, and subtracts from conversation and ideas, the "pussy" can't talk (unless the internal manifestation of what Donald thinks about a woman's genitals does in fact speak to Donald, wanting him, soliciting…I mean we're getting into real nut-job territory here).

Regardless of which scenario you believe, the remarks betray what is becoming a truism: Every woman of a particular type Trump interacts with is a sexual employee, including "pussies" and "tits" and "legs." The body whole is broken down into its component parts. Even if he never hires, talks to at length, or touches them.

Reasonably well-adjusted men speak about the women they know as entire beings; they do not speak about them like the Tooth Fairy in *Silence of the Lambs:* "It places the lotion in the basket," etc. This is the psychosexual control that Donald needs to project. It's an eerie type of an expression of power. That's why he had to tell Billy Bush that, regarding women, *"I don't even wait. And when you're a star, they let you do it."* Or, more salient: *"You can do anything."*

See, here's the heart of the matter: You can't do anything. You may think you can do anything. You may even get away with doing anything. But there's a term for this: sexual assault.

Donald Trump cannot make the rudimentary connection that adults (and teens as well) are expected to make: *What I think of myself, my power, the perception of my power, how much I bloviate, how many people turn out to see me rant…all of that does not add up to a permission pill that allows me to, without invitation, engage in a kissing contest, grab a vagina, and generally play checkers with the body parts of women I find attractive.*

After the story broke, Donald's running mate, Mike Pence, took a couple of days of meditative mandatory bullshit silence trying to square the circle. He rates his value system as thus: "I'm a Christian, a conservative, and a Republican in that order." So, obviously, none of what Trump said or did fits in that particular narrative; however, Pence very cleverly avoided this political Rubik's Cube by… just…kind of…*ignoring* his My Values Ratings Scale and maintaining his deal with the devil with the hope that he will be president in 2020 or 2050 or whatever calculation he made in allowing this particular piece of hypocrisy to become digestible.

Pence summed up his feelings with the same worn-out cliché we've been hearing for over a year: Let Trump be Trump.

Haven't we been doing that? And how'd that work out?

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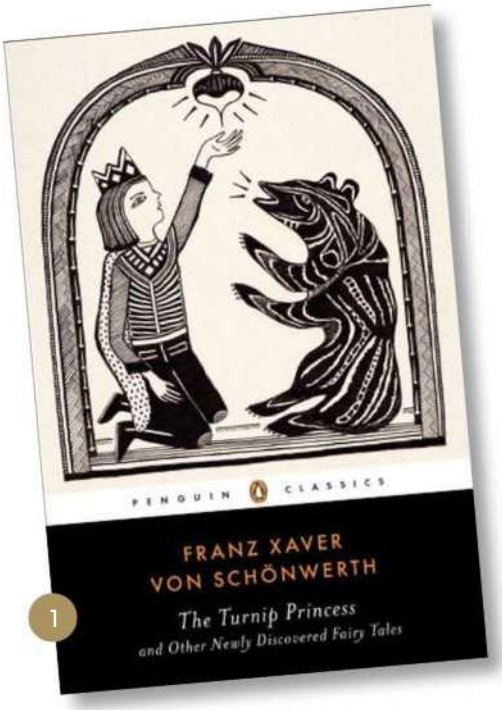
ROUGH TEXT

By Dave Carnie


PENGUIN CLASSICS
FRANZ XAVER VON SCHÖNWERTH
The Turnip Princess
and Other Newly Discovered Fairy Tales

1

1 / *The Turnip Princess and Other Newly Discovered Fairy Tales*

By Franz Xaver von Schönwerth
Penguin Classics

The first thing Mark had to do when he entered our freshman writing class was assure us that he was the teacher. Mark was sort of a cross between John Denver and Brad Pitt: very handsome, very young. He was wearing an outfit I would never see him deviate from: button-down shirt, faded 501s, and tan desert boots.

After providing his credentials, he gave his first assignment then and there: stream of consciousness writing. "Just write whatever comes to mind," he said. "Don't try to edit or filter your thoughts."

I had already been introduced to Joyce, Burroughs, the whole modern canon, so I was like, "Fuck yeah." I didn't even finish listening to his definition of stream of consciousness and started writing feverishly. My classmates, on the other hand, were very confused by the open-ended assignment. They wanted rules, guidelines, what's the subject, how long does it have to be?

"It's up to you," was Mark's answer to every question.

This guy rules, I thought.

At the time, I had to pee, so I was very conscious of streams of piss. I have no idea what I wrote, it was probably horrible, but I remember being very pleased with myself that I had turned in a college paper about piss. (Like most college students, I was an idiot and an insufferable ass.)

The next class meeting, Mark announced that he had read all of our stream of consciousness stories. Most didn't get it, he said, there were a few that were okay, but there was one in particular that he felt was exemplary of the form. He warned the class before he read my piss story that some people might be offended. I could tell he took great pleasure in reading my trashy story to a group of conservative young students in a conservative university classroom. From that point on, Mark was a mentor and a friend throughout my time in college.

I wrote to him a few years ago to touch base, see what he was up to, and to thank him for his influence and guidance. For sake of conversation, I asked him what he'd been reading lately. He was, after all, the one who had turned me on to Samuel Beckett.

"Classics," he said.

I thought he meant classics like *Moby-Dick,* but, no, he meant classics as in classical literature from ancient Greece: Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, etc. He explained that he had become

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / THEWORST

disillusioned with modern literature. Everything has already been done and it's all in the works of these early Greek writers. Every plot, every character, every modern device originated with these writers, and everything since is merely an echo of their work.

Shortly thereafter I, too, fell for a similarly archaic genre of literature for similar reasons: fairy tales and mythology. Like classical literature, the simplicity of the form of a fairy tale seems to belie the possibility of ancient wisdoms and secret truths. When I read of the symbols and archetypes in myths and folk tales, I can't help but feel a connection with a universal mind, a collective unconscious, that reaches deep into the mists of time. I don't have children, but I think what I feel when I read fairy tales is akin to that magical experience that parents have when they see the world through the eyes of their child.

"The fairy tale," wrote the German philosopher Walter Benjamin, "which to this day is the first tutor of children because it was once the first tutor of mankind, secretly lives on in the story. The first true storyteller is, and will continue to be, the teller of fairy tales."

And so in 2012, near the beginning of my interest in these stories, there was a discovery of 500 new fairy tales that had been locked away for over 150 years in an archive in Regensburg, Germany. The tales are part of a collection gathered by a local historian, Franz Xaver von Schönwerth (1810–1886), in the Bavarian region of Oberpfalz, around the same time the Grimm brothers were collecting their fairy tales. To me, this discovery was as exciting as any archaeological find.

Many of the stories echo tales that have appeared in other collections, but new or old, von Schönwerth's offerings have a very different quality to them. Von Schönwerth was a historian and, unlike the Grimm brothers, he made no attempt to alter or add any sort of literary flair to the tales. He recorded them faithfully, straight from the mouths of the local Bavarian peasant population.

"Nowhere in the whole of Germany is anyone collecting [folklore] so accurately, thoroughly, and with such a sensitive ear," said Jacob Grimm in 1885 about von Schönwerth's work.

And so these tales are a little coarser and darker than what one has come to expect from a fairy tale: a man has his buttocks ground off on a millstone, seven sons condemn their mother to death by making her dance in red-hot iron shoes, men piss on trees, women pull down their skirts to moon people, Cinderella is actually a Cinderfella, and no one is guaranteed to live happily ever after.

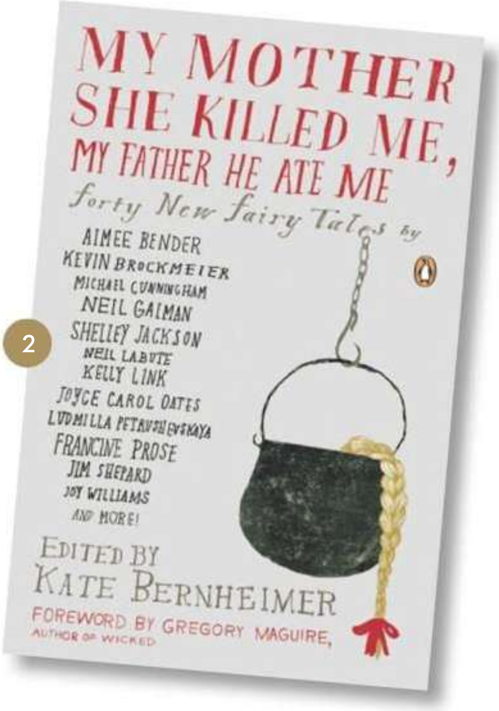
The book contains over 70 stories, most of which are only a couple pages long, which makes it a great shitter book—perfect for when you're creating your own fairy tale and giving birth to an army of Dookie Goblins.

2 / *My Mother She Killed Me, My Father He Ate Me*
Edited by Kate Bernheimer
Penguin Books

Great title, right? It comes from the Brothers Grimm story "The Juniper Tree," which is reimagined in this volume by Alissa Nutting in her story "The Brother and the Bird." Editor Kate Bernheimer brought together a group of writers, some of whom are contemporary heavyweights, to celebrate classic and not-so-classic fairy tales and folklore from around the world. While any collection comprised of 40 authors is going to have its flat spots, I was surprised at how delightful the vast majority of the offerings within this volume are.

One of my favorites was the story by Joy Williams, "Baba Iaga and the Pelican Child." In this retelling of a classic Russian folktale, Baba Iaga, her pelican child, and their cat and dog live in a shifty chicken-footed hut. "Baba Iaga did not care for visitors, so when anyone approached, the chicken legs would move in a circle, turning the house so that the visitor could not find the door." I also don't care for visitors and I've been searching for a contractor who will outfit my hut with chicken legs that spin around so no one can find my door. Especially the Jehovah's Witnesses that have been canvassing my neighborhood of late. Jesus fucking Christ, talk about fairy tales—oh wait, the Jehovahs don't believe in the Jesus part of that fairy tale, do they? No, they don't. From jw.org: "We follow the teachings and example of Jesus Christ and honor him as our Savior and as the Son of God.… However, we have learned from the Bible that Jesus is not Almighty God." Fair enough.

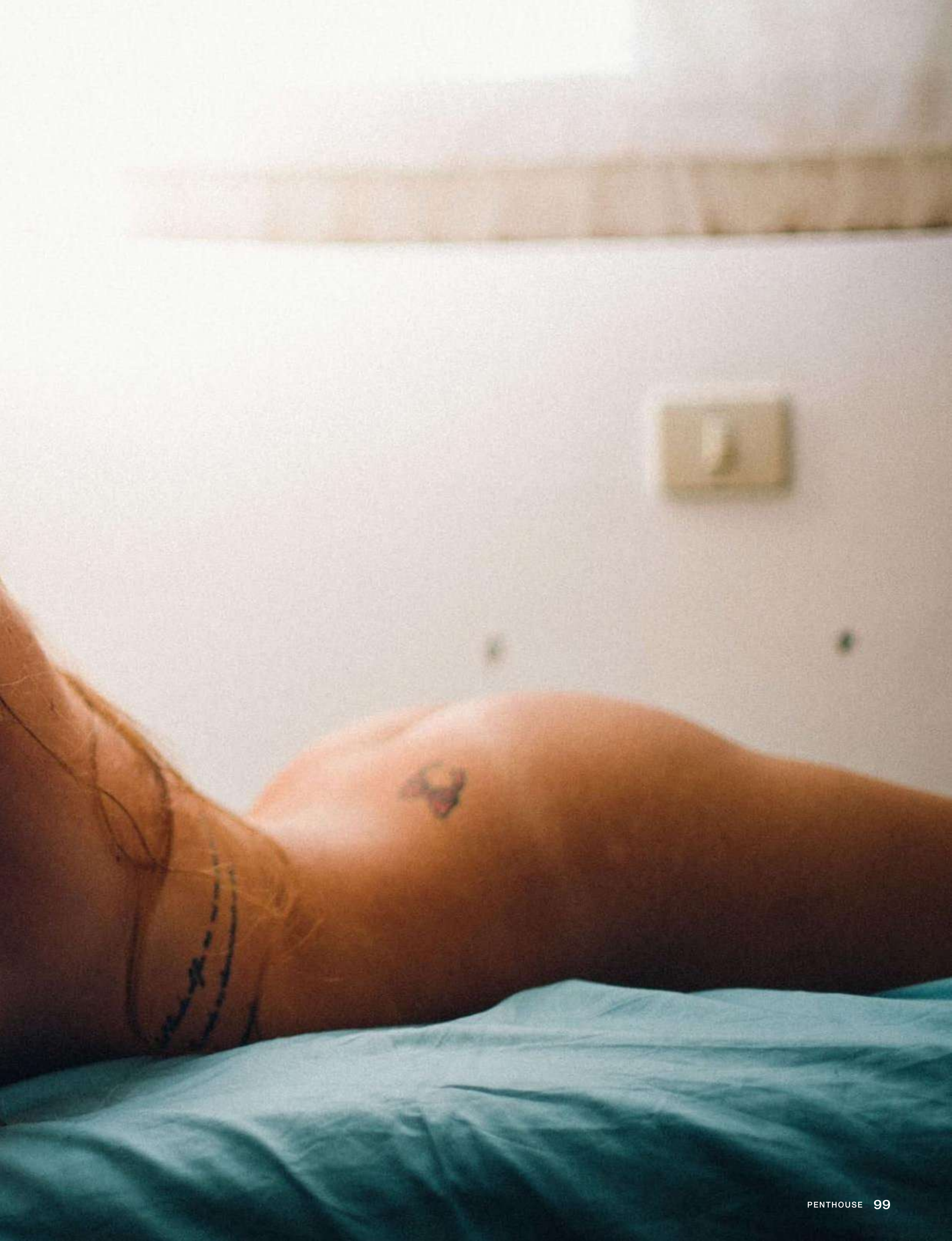
I find it hard to keep track of all the Christian/Jewish/Muslim variations on the Abraham fairy tale, but that's the great thing about fairy tales: By definition, they're public domain, not really belonging to anybody, open to interpretation, and thus they're different in every retelling. There is no better example of that than the stories in this book, many of which bear no resemblance on the surface to the tales that inspired them. Not sure if you'll enjoy eternal life for reading any of these fairy tales, but in one of them a woman has sex with her cat, and that's pretty cool.

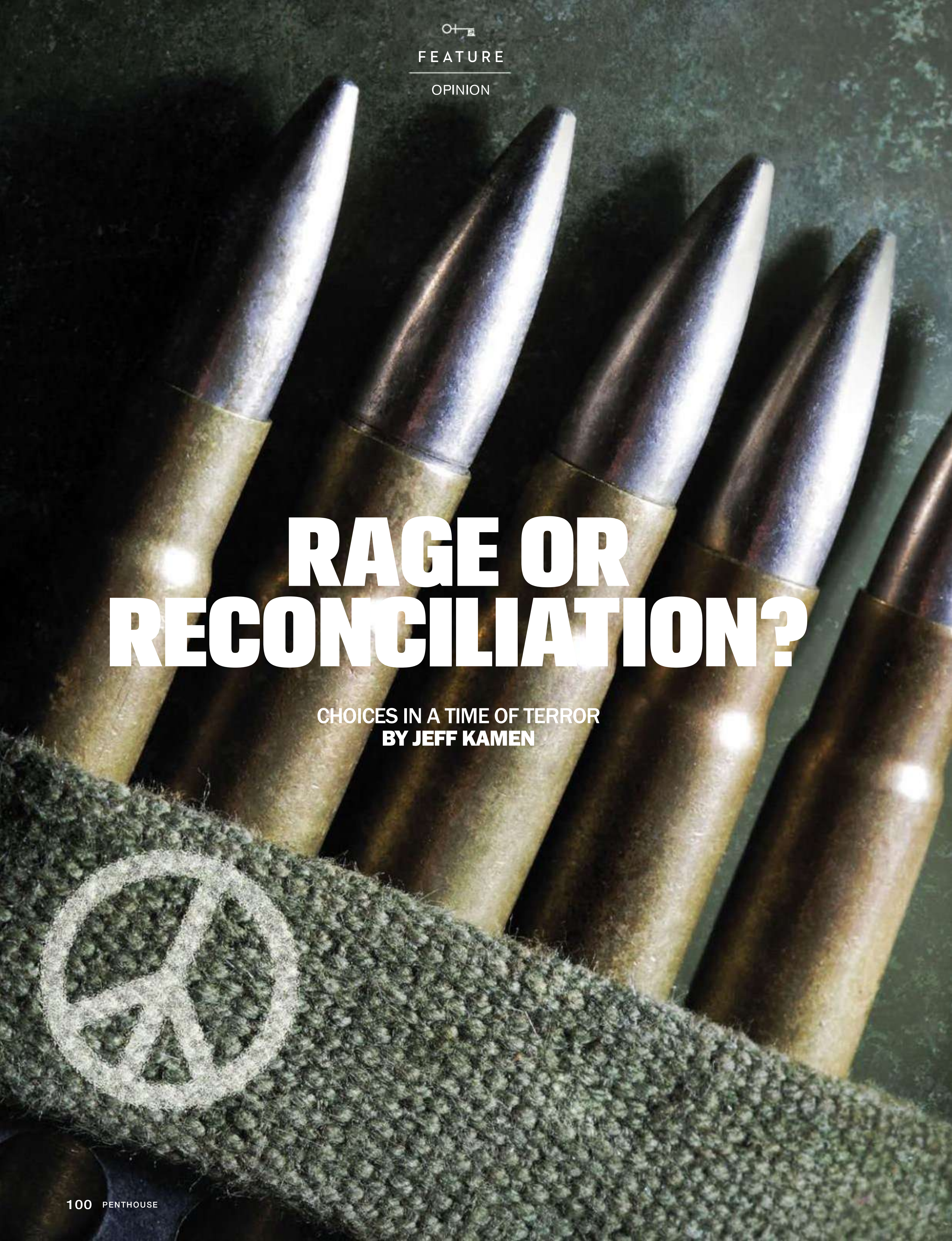


COLOR BROADCAST

WELCOME TO THE COLORFUL AND SOMETIMES MONOTONE WORLD OF ASSIAH ALCÁZAR.

ASSIAH ALCÁZAR is a man of few words, quite literally. Thankfully for us, his images speak for themselves. Born in Málaga in southern Spain, and currently based in Madrid, Alcázar began shooting professionally three years ago and now works with a number of noteworthy publications, including *P* and *Hangover* magazine. When he's not shooting photos, he's working in advertising, fashion, or film…or at least that is what he told us. He could be a superhero for all we care. All we know is that we love his work.





RAGE OR RECONCILIATION?

CHOICES IN A TIME OF TERROR

BY JEFF KAMEN

I WAS driving toward a busy intersection when my cellphone rang. As I picked it up, I made a sudden, mindless lane change, cutting off the driver behind me. When the light turned red, I was forced to stop. In a flash, the guy in the vehicle I had just cut off came charging out of his car, fists balled. I have no idea what came over me, but I knew that I'd screwed up and the angry man was right.

I stuck my head out the window, looked up at him and said, "Sir, I am so sorry. I should not have cut you off. I was irresponsible. Can you please forgive me?"

He was a big guy and was shaking with rage. But my words got past his indignation enough to slow him down.

"I'm really sorry," I said again.

Now he's almost at my open window. Close enough to punch me in the face. But instead he seems confused. "What did you say?"

I looked up into his eyes and very clearly said, "Sir, I was wrong and stupid. I cannot believe I drove so recklessly. I'm usually careful. Can you please forgive me?"

He unballed his fists, put his right hand on top of the car's roof, leaned in and said, "Man, you gotta be more careful! My wife got slammed against her seat belt!"

"Oh, shit," I said. "That's awful. I cannot believe I did that!"

His face changed and the whole feeling of the moment shifted. "Drive safe!" he said, and got back into his car.

The light changed and I very carefully drove to my appointment, shaking from adrenalin and humbled by the experience.

I did not know it at the time, but it turns out that sincere humility and asking for forgiveness can be a potent path to defusing rage. Both those qualities—humility and asking for forgiveness—were in very short supply during the presidential campaign. And our country now needs a huge injection of both to survive the months ahead.

I DID NOT KNOW IT AT THE TIME, BUT IT TURNS OUT THAT SINCERE HUMILITY AND ASKING FOR FORGIVENESS CAN BE A POTENT PATH TO DEFUSING RAGE.

Psychotherapists are reporting they've never seen so much stress and fear connected to politics. Friendships and even marriages have been put at risk because of the campaign. People have lost sleep and many have dropped off of social media because of all the rage spitting across their computer screens.

Trump's rhetoric of slamming Muslims as terrorists and Mexicans as rapists, to name just a few egregious examples, lifted a metaphorical rock off the poisonous secret culture of hatred and violence that had always been there, but was kept in check by societal pressure and the absence of a viable national "leader." Trump cried havoc and let loose the beasts of people's previously tamped-down rage.

"A Bloodbath"

Just as the campaign was reaching its final days, an FBI anti-terrorist arrest in the small city of Garden City, Kansas, sent a chilling warning to anyone who might have been paying attention: Not only has a river of rage overflowed into our country, but for some people, that rage is the ultimate intoxicant. And they want more. One of the alleged plotters declared: "The only good Muslim is a dead Muslim. If you're a Muslim, I'm going to enjoy shooting you in the head." Those words were secretly recorded as the men prepared to bomb an apartment house full of Somali refugees. The FBI busted them after an eight-month investigation.

"Many Kansans may find it as startling as I do that such things could happen here," said Tom Beall, the Acting U.S. Attorney for Kansas.

Unlike Beall, I wasn't surprised one bit. I've been reporting on and studying terrorism in all its forms for half a century. It can happen anywhere, and no crazy radical Islamist hoping for 72 virgins in heaven is required, as the Kansas investigation has shown.

In fact, as that case demonstrates, we are now confronted by the very real prospect of organized, racist, politically motivated terror aimed at Muslims and others who are perceived by some as not being truly "American." That attitude, that threat—which was amped up by the Trump campaign—comes from a very small number of heavily armed people. They are white, native-born, self-described Christians eager to make their mark in blood. Despite what they would like the world to believe, however, they are not representative of white Christians, the NRA, or most Trump supporters. Though they are small in number, they must be taken seriously, and that probably means court-ordered surveillance.

For some, Trump's presidential campaign became a heroic narrative for the return of an America in which men like them could be happy again. Some of them were rejected by the military. Some served and suffered PTSD, which went untreated, forcing them into painful private spaces where alcohol and opioids often join depression. Others never got it together for anything, did not qualify for military service, lost out in the business world, and sought group identification with anyone who would accept them. Over the past eight years, these very angry men have felt further marginalized by a society that increasingly is run by people who don't look like them, talk like them, or believe as they do.

Some of them are victims of a historic paradigm shift away from the values they were taught, and the economy they believed would take care of them. For many, globalization spells calamity. Their good jobs were exported and replaced by nothing, or work that pays a fraction of their former job. Their disconnect from the romanticized American "good life" of endless consumption, their inability to stay ahead of their bills, and their frustration at finding work in an increasingly tech-driven economy, all combined to make them easy pickings for a movement headed by someone with charisma who looks and sounds a little bit like them, making them feel a part of something strong. Trump told everyone he had the answer for what was broken in their lives, and that he would be their shield against having a president with a vagina or being overrun by ISIS at home.

Feeding on people's fears, Trump pledged he would block all Muslims from entering the U.S. and punish women who get abortions. His large rallies, made up almost exclusively of white people (most of them men), screamed their approval.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / MIKAEL DAMKIER

Trump's notion of putting women into prison for getting abortions may well be read as support by a wide range of people who claim to be defenders of the unborn, including those who kill doctors for providing abortion services. This, unfortunately, is nothing new. Trump's plan of banning Muslims, however, marks the first time in modern American history that any national candidate promised to stop people at the border with a religion test. It boggled the mind, but at the same time it caressed the fear and rage that many people felt. Clearly, that was Trump's calculated game. But his execution was imperfect. His ego kept betraying him. "I know more about ISIS than the generals!"

Those eight words were laughable, and top Republican experts on national security publicly branded Trump as "incompetent" and "dangerous." But this didn't matter to Trump's base. They loved his promise to upend the Washington establishment and his wild promises to bring back manufacturing jobs and cut taxes while spending trillions on building up the military. They ignored his failure to release his tax returns, his bizarre bromance with Vladimir Putin, his call for Russia to cyber attack the U.S., his abuse of women, and his failures to pay contractors.

Lurking in the background of the millions of Trump supporters is the rage-filled base, the men in the dark rooms like the three members of the Kansas "Crusaders," whose plot allegedly included the deliberate slaughter of children. As one of them said on the secret FBI recording: "When we go on operations there's no leaving anyone behind, even if it's a one-year-old. I'm serious."

By the time the Crusaders began to conceptualize their "wake-up call" (as they called it), Trump's Fear-the-Muslims initiative was already three months old. It had been repeated endlessly, especially on extreme-right-wing media, and it was the kind of talk the neo-Nazis and other radical communities had long embraced. For them, Trump was encouragement, even validation.

TODAY, IF A BOMB GOES OFF AT A U.S. GOVERNMENT CENTER, A MOSQUE, OR A SYNAGOGUE, SOME OF THE BLAME MAY WELL BELONG AT THE FEET OF DONALD TRUMP.

One of the most influential voices of the alt-right, a website called the Daily Stormer, refers to Trump as America's "Glorious Leader." The Southern Poverty Law Center, which tracks hate groups across the country, noted (verbatim) these posts found on the Daily Stormer's website: "When [Trump] wins, the libtards, freaks nigs, mystery meats and republicucks will probably pop off, led by the cheerleading kikes like always, but the might of people behind [Trump] should be able to put down with little effort. It'll be bloody but I think if enough heads are busted it will become loud and clear—BACK IN THE CLOSET OR GET THE FUCK OUT."

I follow a data scientist named Jonathon Morgan. He's the founder and CEO of New Knowledge, a nonprofit think tank, and he's been crunching numbers on Trump and right-wing extremists. Morgan used Facebook activity to find armed militia supporters who engaged with Trump's claims of a rigged election. He wrote: "Faced with probable defeat, Donald Trump is now claiming the election is rigged (it's not). While election officials (were) trying to reassure the public that U.S. democracy is intact, Trump surrogates doubled down on their candidate's accusations, warning of widespread voter fraud, and suggesting that supporters revolt."

Morgan said the numbers show that the destabilizing, anti-democracy message is resonating. "Over 100,000 people commented or reacted to Trump's Facebook posts about election rigging. Though at rallies some of Trump's supporters insist the tough talk is not a call to violence, others discussed armed rebellion and assassination, and buried amongst the supporters who engaged with the candidate's message on Facebook are at least 210 people who are involved with armed militia groups."

Morgan cited one extremist who wrote: "The problem is we have a rigged election and Hillary is going to flood us with muslims [*sic*]. I hate to say it, but if she wins, and it looks like she will (only because she owns the media and the Republican party) it's over, time for a revolution." He added, "Enough of being tough in the blog, be tough in real life."

Today, if a bomb goes off at a U.S. government center, a mosque, a synagogue, or an apartment complex where Muslims or Mexicans live, some of the blame may well belong at the feet of Donald Trump.

His us-versus-them campaign of fear gave aid and comfort to the more than 800 U.S. right-wing hate groups that dwell in the shadows.

Muslims in general had been placed on their enemies list after 9/11. Before that it was Jews, LGBTQ people, black and brown people, and women who don't shut the fuck up. The feelings and doctrines of the members of these hate groups were mostly confined to private spaces, fenced-in compounds, and websites where they spend their fantasy lives while hand-loading their very real ammunition.

When Trump's anti-Muslim declarations began in December of 2015, extreme right-wing websites lit up with delight. The Ku Klux Klan and a prominent former leader of the Klan who ran for public office said the GOP was finally espousing Klan doctrine.

On Trump's path to "Make America Great Again," people who get loaded on dehumanizing others raised their glasses to the guy who had been the boss on *The Apprentice*. Suddenly, it looked like he had a shot at the White House.

In early 2016, an FBI informant inside that Kansas militia group made this covert recording of a would-be domestic terrorist: "The only fucking way this country's ever going to get turned around is it will be a bloodbath and it will be a nasty, messy motherfucker. Unless a lot more people in this country wake up and smell the fucking coffee and decide they want this country back…we might be too late, if they do wake up…I think we can get it done. But it ain't going to be nothing nice about it."

According to the FBI recordings, the conspirators planned to detonate multiple car bombs around a housing complex to kill Muslim residents. Their battle plan called for them to then kick in doors and shoot to death any survivors, including women and children. That "wake-up" event was to occur on the day after the national election. The plotters apparently hoped that their action would trigger a national uprising against all 3.5 million Muslims in America. (Side note: American Muslims include many medical doctors, professors, scientists, as well owners of small businesses. They have very low rates of crime and high levels of family stability.)

Trump loved using the term "Crooked Hillary," echoing a 30-year

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / AFP + SHUTTERSTOCK / MWATTS

THE PRICE OF HOMEGROWN RAGE

It was the worst single act of terrorism committed on American soil.

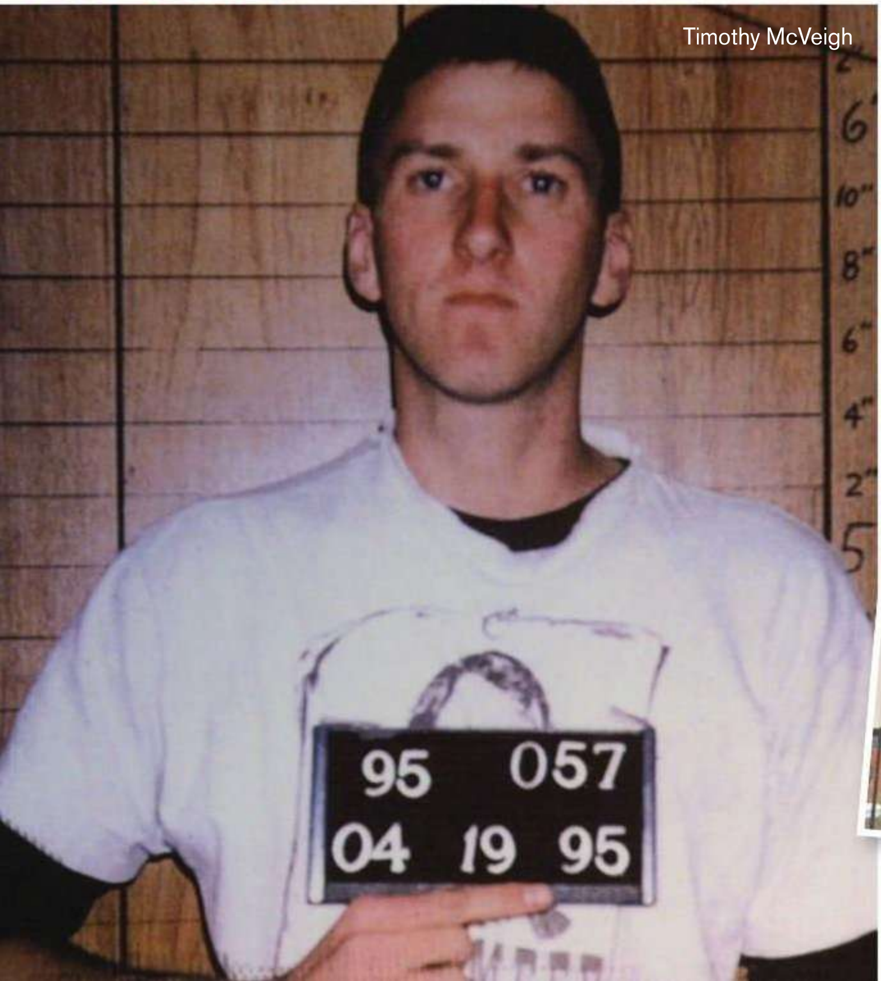
The Oklahoma City bombing, April 19, 1995. When all the smoke cleared and the screaming subsided, 168 innocent people had been killed, another 680 wounded. The perpetrators were white racist Christians born in the U.S. who were disgruntled Army veterans.

One of them, Terry Nichols, had previously renounced his American citizenship and declared the government had no jurisdiction over him. He grew up in an area of Michigan where hatred of the federal government was common. Nichols helped plot leader Timothy McVeigh assemble the huge truck bomb, but refused to participate in the actual placing of the weapon. As a result, McVeigh ridiculed Nichols for liking to“talk tough,” but ultimately being under the control of “[his] bitch and [his] kids.”

The next day, McVeigh drove the weapon into the heart of Oklahoma City, parked it at the federal building while it was full of people, and at a safe distance he detonated the bomb. The explosion, ensuing fire, and building collapse smashed the bodies of babies in the day-care center and their parents who worked in the building, as well as any visitors. One-third of the building was completely destroyed.

After police captured them, Nichols and McVeigh said they had done it to avenge the FBI standoffs at Waco in 1993) and Ruby Ridge in 1992, which had left almost a hundred dead, including five federal agents. Both of those incidents became rallying cries for the growing anti-government militia movement and resulted in changes in the way federal law enforcement operates around religious fanatics and survivalists.

The Oklahoma City bombing—perpetrated 21 years ago by so-called “patriots”—came during the early days of the internet. Today, there are thousands of government-hating extreme-right-wing websites. Some people spend hours every day clicking into that



Timothy McVeigh

consciousness of racial hatred and paranoia. The Trump campaign played to that audience, making them feel that their point of view was honored. They loved him back.

Trump's legacy includes an unprecedented level of unrequited rage and fear. Some analysts say the national mood has not been this bad since the Civil War. One survey of public opinion showed that 42 percent of Trump supporters said they would feel "panicked" if Trump were to lose the election. That number means more than 12.6 million Americans. If only *one percent* of that number were to feel so panicked that they would consider violence against their perceived enemies, that is still 1,260 people. What might those panicked people do? We got a chilling look into that kind of future, thanks to the heads-up work of the FBI's counterterrorism team in Kansas.

As the presidential campaign was winding down, I went looking for answers to this question: How do we create space for reconciliation for the nation and in our own relationships?

Pastor Max Lucado of San Antonio, a powerful evangelical minister and author of many best-selling books, offers this challenge to each of us: "Quit being so mean to each other. We've got to stop it. Make a personal commitment to being kind to everyone and live up to that commitment." Lucado said during the campaign he was baffled as to how other evangelicals could support Trump. "We have lost our joy as a nation. But our nation will weather the storm."

Doc Antle, the famous animal behaviorist and trainer of apex predators like tigers and lions, is also a keen observer of the human animal. I asked him to look at the emotional wreckage caused by the presidential campaign. He offered this advice to end the cycle of rage: If your candidate won and you feel like crowing about it to someone who backed the other candidate, don't do it. "Just shut up," he said. Let it go. Move on to the next thing that you need to do together. Avoid any talk of politics. No jokes. It's not funny. It's an open wound.

Antle said we must be conscious of the fact that in the aftermath of the election there is still considerable fear, and, "Fear is the great stealer of your capacity to think; it gets underneath your skin and eats away at you, making you believe that something is going to be taken away from you." That is what a lot people are going through. We all need to respect this and act accordingly. Ultimately, it requires humility and even forgiveness. Let's be careful not to cut each other off.

OKLAHOMA HEALTH CENTER
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University Hospitals
Presbyterian Hospital
Veterans Admin. Hospital
Antiques
OKLAHOMA

I'M JUST MUSLIM NOT A TERRORIST.
Coordinamento Associazioni Islamiche di Milano e Monza
AL TERRORI
ALLE MOSCH

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / RALF-FINN HESTOFT + EUGENIO MARONGIU / SHUTTERSTOCK

campaign of vilification of Clinton. But his words, spewed out of his mouth from a national podium, were designed to make her seem less human. She was "so corrupt, so crooked, she should be locked up," Trump said over and over again. He led his followers in the chant, "Lock her up! Lock her up!"

Trump's plan was to make Hillary an enemy of the people in the minds of his supporters. Defeating her would become a holy quest. Like his promise to punish women who get abortions, it was Trump as the Punisher. He helped set up Hillary as the Devil in a Pantsuit. He would be the slayer of the dragon on behalf of his most deeply enraged followers.

Trump's brand of carefully orchestrated loathing for Hillary was the icing on an old and noxiously indigestible cake of fury that had been baked by Republican operatives years earlier. The recorded words of one of the leaders of the Kansas terror plot sounded like Trump without the private-school education: "I'm angry that our politicians are no good, lying, conniving, crooked, corrupt, treasonist assholes that should be imprisoned at the least…I'm angry we allow one of the most corrupt, deceitful, lying, conniving, treasonist, piece of shit on the planet to run for president while under investigation by the FBI…I'm angry that elections are rigged by the elitists (FYI: YOUR VOTE DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE)." These are the words of accused Crusader plotter Patrick Eugene Stein, as transcribed from a secret FBI recording.

"I'M ANGRY THAT OUR POLITICIANS ARE NO GOOD, LYING, CONNIVING, CROOKED, CORRUPT, TREASONIST ASSHOLES THAT SHOULD BE IMPRISONED AT THE LEAST…"

Trump continued to feed the most paranoid of right-wing extremists, essentially confirming that the America they loved had been surrendered to an enemy made up of Muslims, Mexicans, blacks, LGBTQ people, and baby killers. When he said the only way he would lose the election is if it were stolen from him, and then when he refused to say he would accept the outcome if he did not win, this gave even more emotional ammo to the would-be gunmen of the militias. These are heavily armed, self-styled "patriots" who long for the good old days when blacks were subservient, gay people were in the closet, and "real" men like them were in charge. Not some mixed-race "monkey," or, even worse, a "goddamn bitch."

The FBI surveillance narrative on Crusader Stein recounts him doing a targeting run on the Muslim section of Garden City. At one point, he leaned out of the car window and cursed at Somali women wearing traditional garb. At the time, Stein was armed with an assault rifle, extra magazines, a pistol, a ballistic vest, and a night-vision scope. According to the FBI, a month before the election, Stein and his alleged co-conspirators were prepping for their slaughter when the girlfriend of one of them called police after her man had beaten her. She showed the responding officers a room in the house

MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN
FU*K ISIS
LET'S GO DONALD
IT'S TIME TO BOMB THE SHIT OUT of THEM
FU*K DEBLASIO
BUILD THAT

Patrick Eugene Stein

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Skin Diamond by Steve Diet Goedde

stacked with weapons, including an explosive compound called hexamethylene triperoxide diamine, or HMTD. The cops asked to look around, she said sure, and they found over two thousand rounds of ammo and guns.

Before the Kansas conspiracy case broke in October, life was hard enough for America's 900,000 cops and tens of thousands of federal agents, searching for a tiny number of potential American jihadists like the New York City-born man who killed 49 people at the Pulse nightclub in Orlando. It's like hunting for a few explosive needles in a haystack of more than 324 million people.

Fortunately, more and more moderate American Muslims (which constitutes the vast majority) are helping police find people who have been radicalized. Following 9/11, the FBI created a model of respect and cooperation between law enforcement and mosques in Virginia; that model has been adapted by state and local agencies. Good community relations have followed.

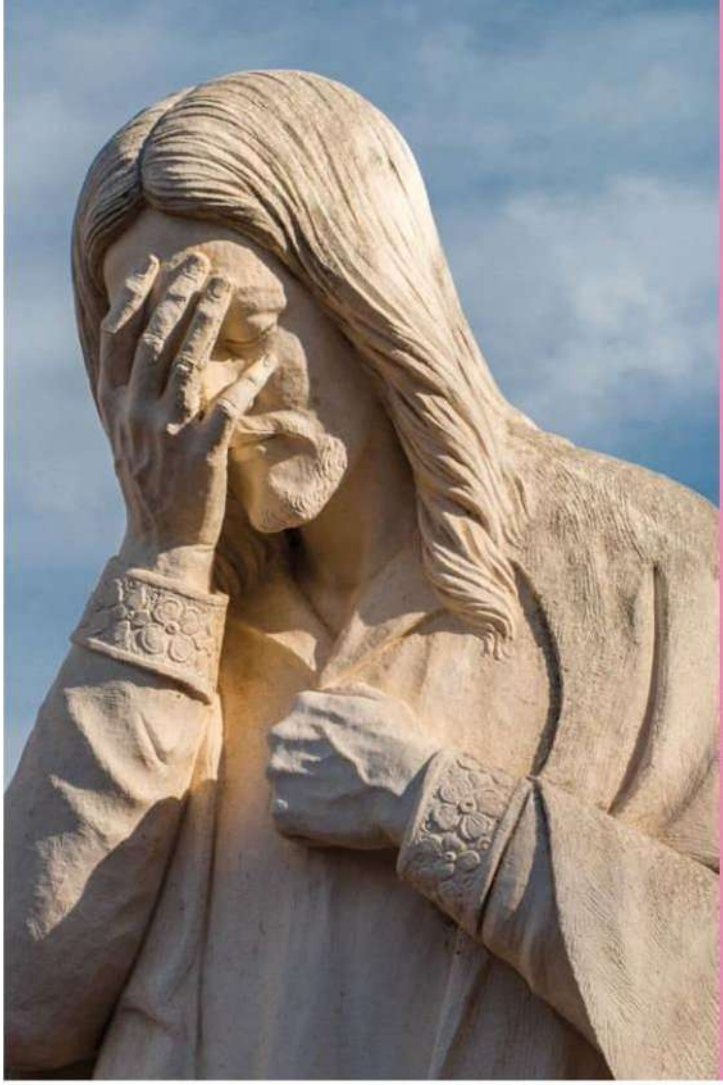
Understandably, law enforcement's focus has been on finding the next self-starting radical Islamic terrorist before he or she can commit another act in the name of ISIS. Following the FBI's successful operation against the Crusaders, our cops now have to focus considerable resources on extremists of the far right who may previously have been written off as harmless. Time to rethink everything.

Men like the alleged Kansas conspirators do their planning in the shadows and imagine themselves as superheroes. These are deeply disappointed and embittered men; some of them beat their women to feel better; some fortify their courage with alcohol and drugs; and some do it with prayer. Protected by the Second Amendment, they have been buying up guns and thousands of rounds of ammunition. Some have become internet scholars, learning online how to make high explosives. Most of them—especially the drunks—will wind up getting caught, because they talk and someone dials 911. But some will inevitably slip through the cracks.

FOLLOWING 9/11, THE FBI CREATED A MODEL OF RESPECT AND COOPERATION BETWEEN LAW ENFORCEMENT AND MOSQUES IN VIRGINIA.

In all likelihood, you and those you love will be safe, but that is not to say that we should not expect attacks from egomaniacal fanatics in the name of Jesus or Allah. And while the Trump campaign pushed the idea that we are surrounded by marauding jihadists, the truth is, thus far, there have been a tiny number of murderers motivated by radical Islam in the U.S. Those killers include the Ft. Hood Army psychiatrist, the Boston Marathon bombers, the Orlando nightclub shooter, the San Bernardino couple, the two gunmen in Texas and Arkansas who attacked military recruiting stations, and the man who beheaded a woman at a food plant in Oklahoma. The total killed by jihadists in the U.S. since 9/11 is just under one hundred. Even one is terrible. But this is a huge country.

I have no desire to trivialize any horrible act. But we need to keep our minds clear. Clarity and the calm it brings can help us come out of the post-election period with more sanity and less rage.



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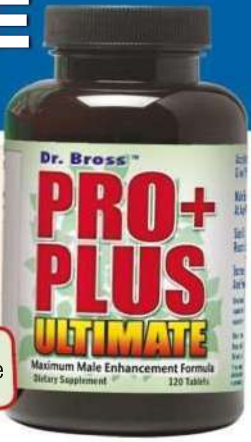
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COLORADO CARPET CLEAN

BY TOMMY BRANDO

I ARRIVED in Aspen after being hired by two beautiful trophy girlfriends of an oil tycoon. I thought it was going to be a normal weekend of normal companionship, but boy, was I wrong.

The limo driver picked me up at the airport and drove me to their gorgeous chalet. I was greeted in the driveway by Laura, a total knockout in her early thirties, with long dark hair, a beautiful round ass, and smoky eyes. She approached me with a friendly kiss and told me that she and her girlfriend, a 22-year-old Asian beauty named Julie, had been looking forward to this for a long time.

Laura and Julie spent a lot of time together because of their big-oil sugar daddy, but they were also in their own separate relationship. Laura was the dominant one, and young, lithe Julie was her submissive.

The house was insane. Game room, sauna, gym, massage room, and ten bedrooms. Laura and Julie were well taken care of, and they took great care of their man…but this weekend was for them. Big Oil was nowhere in sight.

SHE APPROACHED ME AND TOLD ME THAT SHE AND HER GIRLFRIEND HAD BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS FOR A LONG TIME.

After a few drinks, some food, and light conversation by the fireplace, I couldn't believe my luck: They wanted total control. I was floored by my surroundings, but it was a great change from being the hunter to becoming the hunted. I loved having someone else in charge and Laura made it clear that I was theirs.

The evening kicked off with me getting an incredible four-handed massage, until Laura and Julie rolled me over. I was completely naked, and I admit I was having a hard time not exploding with all the sexual mayhem. Laura ordered Julie to suck my cock while she whispered dirty talk in my ear. "This is our cock for the weekend and we're going to do whatever we want to you. Wait till you taste her pussy, it's the sweetest pussy you'll ever have." Julie did everything Laura told her to do, but I could also see that they were in love. I loved being their weekend delight.

There were definite rules, and although I was happy to comply, it wasn't always easy. I had to sit in a very plush leather chair in one of the bedrooms and watch them go crazy on each other, and I couldn't do anything but watch. In fact, I wasn't allowed to come at all until nighttime. I was absolutely crazed but I managed to deliver by *not* delivering. We would play three or four times a day, and even when we stopped for meals and hydration all I could think of was continuing, hoping I'd be allowed to come. I didn't get a chance to use the gym, but I didn't miss anything because these ladies were giving me the workout of a lifetime. When I was permitted to finally come, I let out what can only be described as a loud bear growl, which Laura and Julie loved.

This wasn't the first time a woman in Laura's situation had hired me for pleasure. It's about a woman wanting to be in control for a change, to have the sex *they* want, when they want it. She paid for my time with her own money, but at the end of the three days, she decided she wanted more. I agreed to extend my time because I was having a blast. Laura called Big Oil and asked if he would pay for five more days. To my surprise, not only did he say yes, but he was flying in to join us.

I had no idea what to expect. The ladies were aware that I don't get intimate with men, and assured me it wasn't like that at all. The mansion belonged to Big Oil and he wanted to make sure I was a good guy. It seemed natural to me that he was being protective.

Big Oil was about 55 years old, super-cool actually. There wasn't an iota of jealousy coming from him; in fact, he was excited about the situation. The rooms were wired for cameras and he told me he was looking forward to watching me with his ladies from a video screen in his own bedroom. He was a voyeur and he had real affection for Laura and Julie, and enjoyed watching them having a good time.

The week unfolded. Sometimes Laura would send Julie to her room while she and I spent the night together, and sometimes the three of us shared the same bed. It turned me on whenever I saw a red light go on in the corner of the room, because I knew Big Oil was watching, so I gave it my all. I wanted him to enjoy the view.

I was treated like their toy until the very end. Even on our way to the airport, Laura and Julie went down on me together in the limo.

I flew home to Florida with a massive erection and a big smile from the satisfaction of a job well done…and a legendary week.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / MILAN TOMAZIN

THE GREAT FOREVER WAR

BY MATT GALLAGHER

PART of the gig of a veteran-writer is talking to ROTC cadets and at the military academies about war and leadership. These conversations and events serve as highlights for life on the road; they're usually an engaged (albeit sleep-deprived) audience, for one, and they're certainly a captive one. The same can't be said at bookstores and the like when, as an author, you're just hoping there won't be any crazy and/or homeless people in attendance. (Nothing against my vagabond friends, but they tend to be more interested in heat and lodging than an exchange of bookish ideas.)

Anyhow, some fifteen years after 9/11 and the invasion of Afghanistan, I realized this year that war isn't just these cadets' and midshipmen's futures—it's their pasts, too. Their entire pasts. Somehow, someway, we have an entire generation of young Americans who only know and remember their nation at war, blowing shit up in strange, dusty lands far from home, losing soldiers and Marines in those same strange, dusty lands. And yet despite all that, or in some cases perhaps because of it, these 18-to-22-year-old kids are joining the military to serve.

It seems likely that some readers of *Penthouse* and Embrace the Suck columns fall in that age range, too, and some joined the service thinking through the very same ideas and issues.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / EVERETT COLLECTION

"SOLDIER WHO SAID HE'D FIGHT WAR SO 'SON WOULDN'T HAVE TO' FEELS LIKE AN ASSHOLE RIGHT NOW."

Christ, that's courage. For better or worse, in my era of youth in the aughts, our country and political leaders at least *pretended* our foreign wars would, and could, end. Now we don't even use the term "forever war" ironically. While that shift in thinking deeply concerns me, both for our republic's present and for its future, it only calls more attention to the resolve of the young people who are willing to give their lives for our nation's defense. It's not a question of if they'll see combat. It's a matter of when and where.

We've gotten to the point that children of Global War on Terror (GWOT) veterans are now becoming GWOT vets themselves. Recent news articles have interviewed young soldiers who are deploying to Iraq in support of counter-ISIS operations whose fathers served in Afghanistan and that very same Iraq a decade-plus ago. A warrior caste separate and distinct from the society that wrought them is, slowly and surely, coming into being. The whole thing brings to mind the hilarious (and damningly prescient) satirical Duffel Blog headline: "Soldier Who Said He'd Fight War So 'Son Wouldn't Have To' Feels Like An Asshole Right Now."

Oof.

While the historical parallels for the effects and consequences of protracted, unending conflicts aren't great–there's the slow decline of the Roman Empire partly brought on by constant skirmishing along their western and northern frontiers, for example–there is an argument for what we're doing beyond an Orwellian "We're at war because we've always been at war and thus always will be at war." It's that peace over there isn't the point, but calm back here is. It's that a slow burn impacting the few benefits the nation more than a quick burst that involves the many. It's that even if the radicalism and extremism we're confronting overseas could be exterminated (and it can't, because while militaries can be destroyed with force, ideologies cannot be), it wouldn't be worth it to go all-in. Not in lives, not in resources. A contrary lesson taught by the past from Athens and the Peloponnesian War to France in post-World War II Algeria.

Sorry to bore you with all the history talk, but it's important, I promise.

America, fifteen years after 9/11, stands at a crossroads. Despite the many mistakes, tragedies, and outright failures of the past decade-plus, we're still a beacon for good in a world on fire. The separation between soldier and citizen, veteran and civilian, has never been wider in this country. For some very good reasons, our leaders decided (and have continued to decide) that keeping the slow-burn warfare going with an all-volunteer military is our best option. For some other very good reasons, that decision (or continual set of indecisions, if you prefer) is rightly called out as a proverbial kicking the can down the road. This is not sustainable. And yet, we're in the midst of proving that it actually is.

I've written here before about how it's up to us as a collective to take back our military, to ensure it's always utilized for something achievable, for something where force is the last option because all other options have been exhausted. Because that's how a republic behaves, because that's how we were set up, and because that's how adults should just fucking function. All that's well and good. But maybe more people might think about that, or at least consider some of those ideas, if they were confronted by the resolve and earnestness of this new generation of Americans joining up. A generation that's only known their country to be at war and still are deciding, *Yes, send me.*

They're more than worthy of us. It's about damn time we do the same for them.

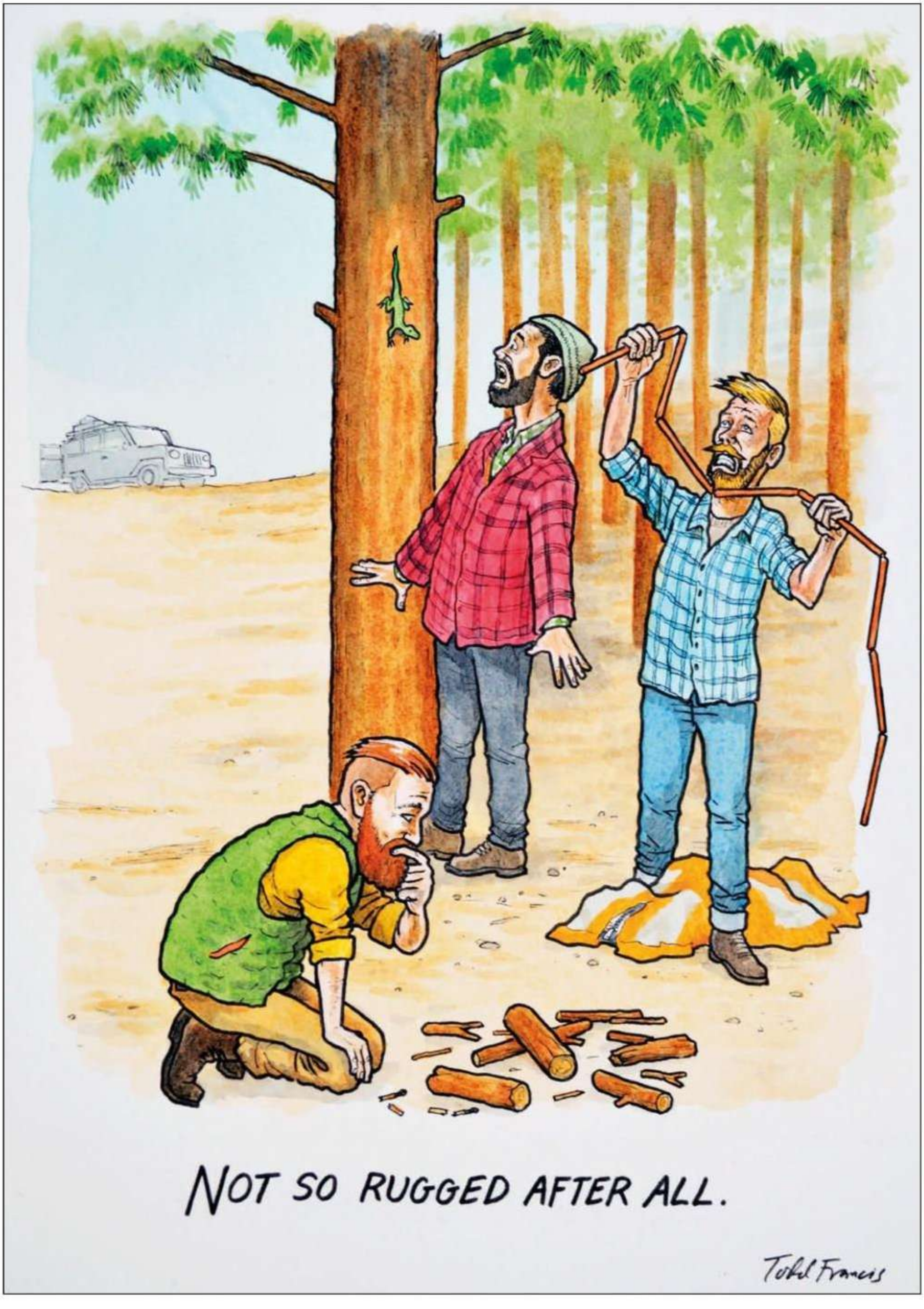
NOT SO RUGGED AFTER ALL.
Todd Francis

PHOTO: TAMMY SANDS

No Good Load Goes Unpunished

BY DAN DUNN

IT WAS a Sunday, I think, circa 1995. Late night.

I'd just returned home from a 72-hour burn in Las Vegas, that shiny city in the middle of a massive desert where people go to surf the American dream. The real, hollow American dream, where you can eat in a palace, then visit fake New York, Paris, and Venice in the same night on foot. Was it Jim Morrison who said he'd get his kicks before the whole shithouse went up in flames? Yeah, that's it. Let it roll, baby, roll!

This Vegas jaunt had been especially ruinous. If you've been there, you know what I'm talking about. You step off a plane, abandon all pretense of personal responsibility, and spend a whole goddamn weekend flooring it even when you know you're running on fumes.

My only clear-cut memory was being in a massive nightclub with an illuminated outdoor pool and island bar, over which hung a huge rotating chandelier. The place was awash in gold, black, and bronze, with dance poles that looked like lanterns spread throughout. Our VIP host told me the design was inspired by the sexy curves of the human body, and while I'm not really sure I got that, it was clear they had a specific body part in mind when they set the prices on the drinks menu: the asshole.

So when I got back to my shitty L.A. apartment after that shitty trip to Sin City, I started mixing myself a toxic nightcap of Drano, sleeping pills, and—for taste—a little chocolate syrup, when inspiration suddenly appeared and lifted me up from the depths of Hangover Hell….

"Wake up!" I shouted, shaking Bottomfeeder, who was passed out on the sofa beneath a tattered blanket covered in what looked to be the remnants of a fish-taco platter and a spilled ashtray. Bottomfeeder was my landlord's ne'er-do-well nephew who—due to a complex legal settlement struck shortly after a cooking-experiment-gone-wrong resulted in a highly destructive grease fire in my building—had taken up residence in my living room. Not just sleeping there, but *living* there. Like a homeless guy on a park bench, except with access to my fridge and cable TV.

"Wake up, goddamn it, because I just had an amazing idea and I need to share it with someone…even if that someone is, well, only you."

It's worth mentioning that Bottomfeeder was unemployed, out of shape, clearly in need of some sort of intervention, and spent nearly all of his non-supine time figuring out creative ways to grow his facial hair.

"For Christ's sake, man, are you high?" he mumbled, wiping sleep from his bloodshot eyes.

"No. At least, I don't *think* I still am," I croaked.

"How was Vegas?"

"Fuck Vegas!"

"How much did ya lose?"

"Everything."

"Sleep at all?"

"Nope."

"Take drugs?"

"Of course."

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WORSE THAN ONE OF THOSE HANGOVER-FUELED MOMENTS OF CLARITY, AND THAT'S REALIZING THAT A MAN WHOSE CAREER GOALS INCLUDE UNDERSTANDING THE SECRET OF FIRE WAS—*GULP!*—RIGHT.

"Any fights with the soon-to-be-ex-girlfriend?"

"She left a few hours after we got there."

"Oh, man," he sighed. "Does this mean you're going to try to kill yourself again?"

"That's what I'm so excited about!"

"Hey, do what ya gotta do, man. Is it cool if I stay in the apartment?"

"No, dude. No! I'm not excited about killing myself!" I beamed. "I'm excited because I just came up with a plan that'll help me and lots of other people deal with PVSD!"

"PVSD?"

"Post-Vegas stress disorder," I explained. "You know, that feeling of complete and utter despair that follows a debauched weekend spent wreathed in a miasma of cigarette smoke and impurity, throwing away all your money and dignity to everyone, from the dealers to the strippers to the bartenders."

"Doesn't sound so bad to me," Bottomfeeder replied thoughtfully.

"That's because you're a professional degenerate," I said. "But that's not the point. The point is, you ever notice how after some kid shoots up his school, they always bring in those grief counselors to help the survivors? Well, what I'm proposing is a service that offers on-demand, one-on-one counseling to people who plummet into a suicidal funk after long weekends in Las Vegas."

"A kid shot up my school in eleventh grade," Bottomfeeder said.

"Holy shit. Really? Anybody get hurt?"

"Nah. He used a musket."

"A musket?"

"Yeah. His dad was a Civil War buff. The kid fired one shot, but couldn't figure out how to reload the damn thing. So all the popular dudes jumped on him and kicked his teeth in.… Bet that kid could have used some counseling," he added.

"Maybe. Sure," I nodded, having learned it was best to agree with Bottomfeeder whenever he went off on a tangent—it reduced the odds of getting sucked into an unwinnable argument. "But anyhow, about my plan for PVSD counseling. First, they calm you down by reassuring you that what you're experiencing is a combination of alcohol poisoning and withdrawal shock—savings account withdrawal, that is. And that after 72 straight hours of sleep and—"

"I don't like it," Bottomfeeder interjected. "For one thing, how do you pronounce that? *Peevee-ested?* Sounds girly. Besides, there's a good reason for feeling so shitty after a Vegas trip."

"And what would that be?"

"It keeps you from going back again too soon."

There's only one thing worse than one of those hangover-fueled moments of clarity, and that's realizing that a man whose career goals include understanding the secret of fire was—*gulp!*—right. Certainly my accountant agreed. The ex-girlfriend, too.

Bottomfeeder scratched himself under the arm, apelike, and noticed the glass of murky liquid I was holding. "Could I get a sip of that? My mouth's drier than Steven Wright."

As I considered the request, he smoothly snatched the swill from my hand. He tossed it back without hesitation, fell straight back onto the floor, and stared at the ceiling.

"Good drink," he muttered. "What's it called?"

"The Peevee-ested Martini," I said, making a mental note to copyright the formula.

Beat the Hangover

FRANK Sinatra famously said he felt bad for people who didn't drink because they woke up feeling as good as they were going to feel all day.

While I agree with the Chairman of the Board that teetotaling sounds about as much fun as a game of charades with Stephen Hawking, I must admit to having spent a few mornings huddled beside the toilet, ruing the day I ever decided to embrace the sozzled lifestyle, and swearing to all that is holy that if I survived, I'd never, ever drink again.

Yah, um, not so much.

I cover the adult-beverage beat for esteemed periodicals such as the one you're holding in your hands, and I've been doing it long enough to know better, too. So I understand the urge to promise yourself, while in the throes of a hellacious hangover, that you'll never partake again. But for irredeemable inebriates like myself, "I'm done" is to drinking what "just one more episode" is to binge-watching *Breaking Bad*—a flat-out falsehood. Let's not kid ourselves here. We dig us some drinking far too much to quit anytime soon.

And while we're at it, let's dispense with any half-crocked notions of taking commonsense steps such as avoiding shots, downing a glass of water after every cocktail, eating to slow down the rate of alcohol absorption, and—*yawn*—moderation. When heavy drinking is involved, you're as likely to use hangover-prevention measures as you are to remember you're married at a strip club.

Fortunately for you (me, not so much), I'm all too familiar with waking up in worse shape than that bathroom in *Trainspotting*. And I have hard-earned, field-tested solutions to the problem. Here's what you gotta do…

H2O Go!

When suffering the acute effects of alcohol-induced head trauma, you'll find there's no better friend in all the great wide world than pure, simple, unadulterated water. Water will grab the bad stuff out of your bloodstream, allowing you to pee out the toxicity. So drink tons of it, and maybe pop a few analgesic tablets for good measure. Those'll give your central nervous system the reassuring pat on the back it needs, and let it know everything's gonna be okay, eventually. Then, straight away, you should…

Bang It Out

For all the many ways alcohol can lift us up, it can be a real downer, too. Studies by smart people in lab coats have shown that consuming booze in mass quantities may lower male testosterone. This partially explains why you often wake up hungover and horny after a night of overindulgence—your hormone-depleted body wants its mojo back in a bad way. Having sex gets the blood pumping and increases the amount of pain-killing oxygen in the body, which goes a long way toward shutting down those angry little fuckers playing grab-ass behind your eyeballs. In lieu of a willing partner, you can always take matters into your own hand. Now wash up and follow up that roll in the hay with…

A Big Fat Greasy Cheeseburger

First off, cheeseburgers are one of the most delicious foods known to mankind. On top of that, they're full of protein which breaks down into amino acids. The aminos are intrepid little warriors that lay siege to acetaldehyde, the odious alcohol-induced poison that's beating on your booze-soaked noggin like it owes it money. Amino acids convert acetaldehyde into water and carbon dioxide, which are then sent packing when you take a good long piss. To recap, in goes cheeseburger, out goes hangover. It's the circle of lush, friends. The circle of lush.

Retox

There are many theories regarding the origin of the phrase "hair of the dog," but they all come down to the same thing: You're going to get loaded again so you can avoid feeling the aftereffects of getting loaded. A wonderful long-term strategy. See you in rehab. But the dirty secret of this method is that it's usually quite effective. Just bear in mind that the trick is to drink enough to alleviate the hangover, but not get hangover-worthy again. You DO NOT want to go messin' with the double hangover. That's like ramming your skull into an amp at a Metallica concert. You just don't want to go there. Got it? Good.

So let's get started on the road to recovery with these booze-fueled remedies…

Trick & Treat

Created by Eric "E.T." Tecosky of Jones Hollywood, Hollywood

- **1 can of ice-cold Coca-Cola**
- **1 ounce of chilled Dirty Sue Premium Olive Juice**

Set an alarm for an hour or two before you actually need to wake up, and drink the Coke. Go back to bed. After you wake up again, do the shot of Dirty Sue.

Says E.T.: “I have been personally researching this for over 20 years and it helps. The sodium in Dirty Sue will trick your body into needing/wanting more water, and hydration is the main goal here. Oh, and if you really think you may be in trouble, add two Advil to the Coke.”

The Edge Off

Created by Malina Bickford of Cliff’s Edge, Los Angeles

- 2 ounces Angostura bitters
- 2 activated charcoal caplets
- ginger beer

Dissolve charcoal caplets in a shot glass filled with Angostura bitters, then pound that shit. Chase immediately with a shot of ginger beer.

Says Malina: “I’m not going to lie, it goes down rough. But rough can be miraculously effective.”

The Bitter End

Created by Jess Mellen-Graaf of the Cresheim Valley Grain Exchange, Philadelphia

- 2 ounces Fernet-Branca
- Coca-Cola
- dash of Angostura bitters

Combine ingredients in an ice-filled rocks glass.

Says Jess: “Your body is banged up. This will help un-bang you.”

Constitution

Created by Missy Koefod of 18th & Parchment, Atlanta

- 4 droppers of 18.21 Prohibition Aromatic Bitters
- seltzer

Add bitters to the seltzer with ice.

Says Missy: “The bubbles help settle your stomach, along with the combination of herbs and roots which have been used for centuries for medicinal purposes. Plus, it tastes really fucking good.”

Get Bloody

Of course, no list of hangover cures would be complete without the grandmommy of them all. While the original name and recipe of the Bloody Mary has long been a topic of debate, most cocktail geeks agree that the most popular modern iteration–vodka, tomato juice, lemon, Worcestershire sauce, and an array of spices that usually includes celery salt and black pepper–is the handiwork of a barman named Fernand Petiot, who introduced his vodka-and-tomato concoction in the early 1920s at Harry’s New York Bar in Paris. A decade later, Petiot took up residence behind the stick at the King Cole Bar inside the St. Regis Hotel in New York, where his signature creation (which the St. Regis renamed the “Red Snapper”) became a libational sensation.

As for the historical Mary for which the drink is named, there’s been lots of conjecture about that as well. Queen Mary I of England and actress Mary Pickford are oft-cited namesakes. But according to Petiot, who died in 1975, the drink was named for a popular waitress at the Bucket of Blood bar in Chicago.

Here’s Petiot’s original recipe:

- 1 ounce vodka
- 2 ounces tomato juice
- 1 dash lemon juice
- 2 dashes salt
- 2 dashes black pepper
- 2 dashes cayenne pepper
- 3 dashes of Worcestershire sauce

Combine ingredients in a cocktail shaker. Shake vigorously. Strain over ice cubes. Garnish with a lemon wedge.

Now, the proportions here are dainty, so double ’em. And we prefer a celery stalk. But a Bloody Mary can be lots of different things to lots of different people. Basically, if it’s booze and you can keep it down, drink it. If that means 3 parts vodka, 1 part tomato juice, 1 part prayer, shaken over ice, we’re not going to call the cocktail police on you.

Wake and Bake

As legendary stoner Jeffrey “the Dude” Lebowski taught us, you can survive practically anything so long as you’re good and baked. Thugs sent to piss on your rug by a ruthless pornographer loan shark? No problem. A loudmouthed Puerto Rican pederast/bowling rival? It’s all good. Emotionally unstable best friends, kidnapping, grand theft, and nihilists who set your car on fire? The Dude abides. The Dude abides.

Smoking a fatty won’t rehydrate you, of course, which is the single most essential step on the road to recovery. Ah, but what it will do is stimulate your appetite, and as we’ve already established, serious grubbin’ in the wake of getting wasted will help set you straight. There’s also some scientific evidence that components of pot can reduce alcohol-induced neurodegeneration by almost 50 percent. We’re talking brain damage, people. Brain damage? Mary Jane don’t play that!

Oh, and sweet Mother Weed is a miracle worker at treating nausea. Seriously, if cancer patients use the sticky icky to mitigate the ill effects of chemotherapy, what chance does a hangover have?

Coffee

This one may seem counterintuitive. After all, a cup of Joe will wake you up, and when you’re hung like a haggard porn star all you really want is to sleep it off. Here’s the funny thing, though: The magical caffeine inside coffee will constrict the blood vessels in your brain, making it hurt less. It’s a miracle how this works. Do you believe in miracles? Of course you do. You’ll believe anything if it’ll make the pain go away. And on the same principle, might we also recommend...

A Cold Shower

Cold also constricts your blood vessels, but without drugs. Way to go, cold!

If you’ve had water, booty, burgers, booze, weed, coffee, and a cold shower and are still feeling like Satan took a giant dump on you, it’s time to punch something really hard. Turns out that if you break a few knuckles, the pain in your hand will make coping with a headache as easy as falling off a log. Or, come to think of it, you could just fall off an actual log. You drunk bastard.

PHOTO: ISTOCK / SANNEBERG

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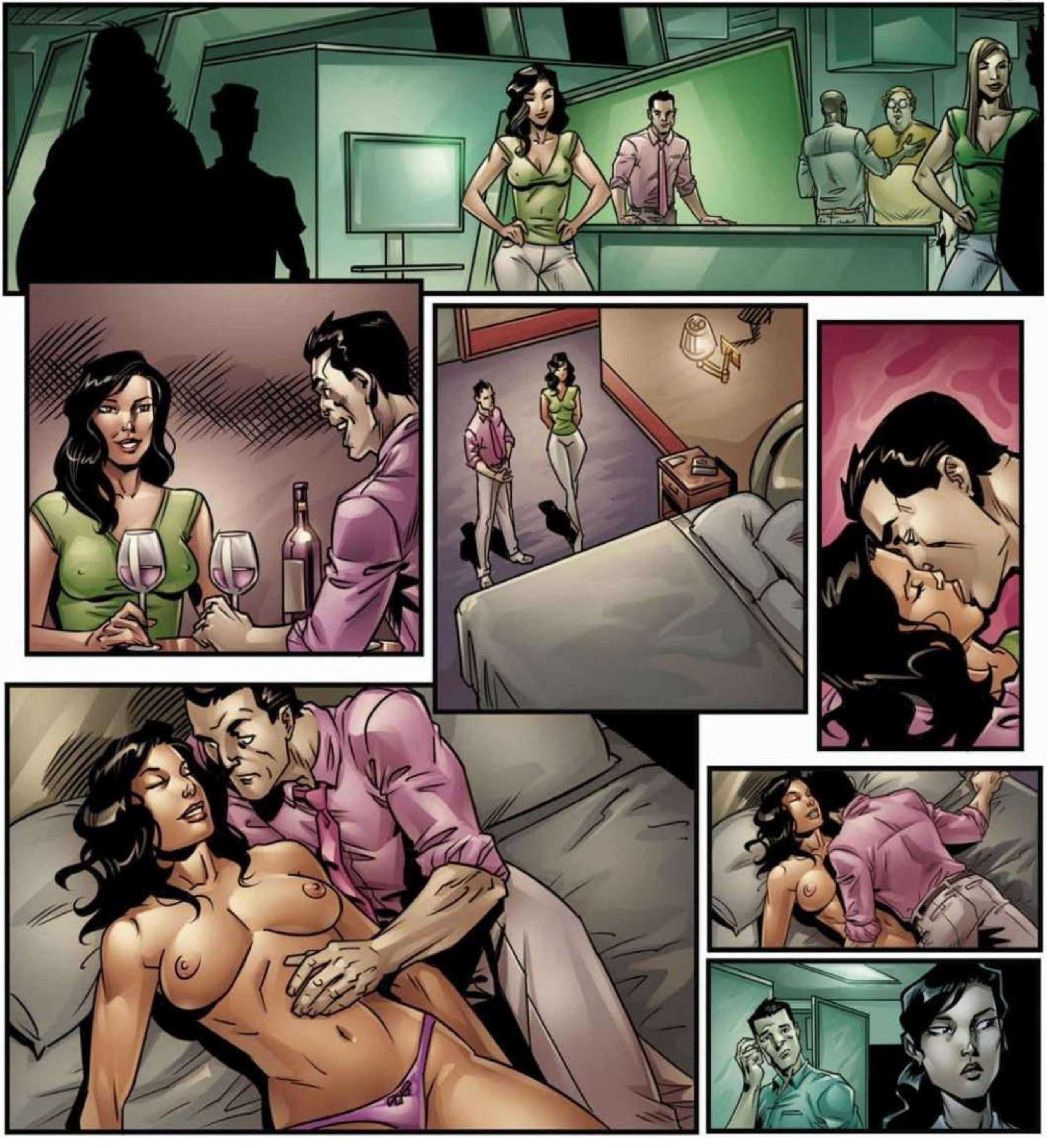

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

THE BEST OF THE WORST FROM PENTHOUSE LETTERS

DEAR *Penthouse,*

I am a sales manager at a small tech firm. No, it's not a start-up; no, I don't work in a creative space; and no, we don't have a skate ramp in the common area…although I wish we did. My job is fairly straightforward, but as a manager, I'm always trying to squeeze the most productivity out of my team. This means that we're on the road a lot, hocking our technology at a ton of sales events, conventions, and regional trade shows. Like most brands in our competitive set, our sales teams are dominated by men, but our trade-show booths are stocked with women. Models. Booth babes.

At one of these conventions, I was sitting at a conference table with some reps, stuffing a donut into my face, and secretly lusting after this booth babe named Monica. She was a thin, leggy blonde with these miraculous, jiggly C-cups, and a plump ass shaped like an upside-down heart. She was down-to-earth and personable, but she also knew exactly how hot she was and it was amazing to watch her in action. She'd work the aisle in front of our booth, flirt with just about any poor schlub that passed her by, and was able to direct just about all of them into the greasy, chubby, clammy hands of our sales guys.

That's when it hit me: Was it such a crazy idea to see if I could train her to be in sales? A booth-babe sales team—two birds with one smokin' hot stone. I asked Monica to join me for dinner. I hinted that I had an opportunity for her, and she was intrigued. I closed down the booth and we headed to the lobby bar in my hotel, which was steps away from the convention center.

We split a bottle of wine, ordered some nibbles, and had a long chat about her goals for the future. She was totally into it, and had a ton of great questions for me. I was impressed…and I was excited to demonstrate that I was a master at my job. The bottle of wine turned into two, and then we'd drained a third by the time we were finished talking. It was late, and Monica was too drunk to drive home. I had a small suite, and welcomed her to sleep over—she could have the bed and I would crash on the couch.

Monica took me up on my offer, but felt bad. She didn't want me sleeping on the couch while she had the big bed all to herself. She said I was more than welcome to share the bed with her. After all, I was such a nice guy.

Once we were in bed, it didn't take long for us to start kissing. My heart raced but something was amiss. She had beautiful lips, but they felt kind of…mushy, like I was kissing a doll or a cadaver. It was like she wasn't even trying…she just pressed her mushy mouth against mine and flopped her mushy tongue around in these lazy, mushy circles. She was on her back, so I rolled on top of her to see if I could get things going. She let out these soft, sexy moans as my hands explored her curves, but she didn't move. She just laid there, flat on her back, completely still. She told me to take her shirt off, and I did. She told me to take her pants off, and I did that, too. She was by far the most attractive woman that I had ever been with—amazing body, flawless tits, and save for a cute little lacy thong, she was naked…in my bed.

I grabbed one of her tits, and she purred with delight. She still didn't move, but she cooed as I continued to knead and lick her mushy, lifeless tits. I was stunned. I was so turned off. And I was getting tired. After a few long, painfully uneventful minutes of more mushy mouth kissing, I couldn't take it anymore. My eyelids grew heavy, my brain shut down, and I felt the intoxicating confusion of sleep overtake me.

Yup, I fell asleep mid-kiss. Right on top of Monica.

Thankfully, the following morning wasn't terribly awkward. Monica just assumed that I'd passed out because I had too much to drink. Silly me. I smiled and agreed…because what else could I have said?

—Todd H., Wilmington, Delaware

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FIRE IN THE HOLE

When Jessica moved into her apartment complex last summer, she didn't know a soul. Soon, she and Rose became fast friends…a relationship that blossomed into so much more…like swimming…and having red hair…and mutual bikini removal. Ain't love grand?

Photography: Lee Richardson

SEE MORE OF JESSICA & ROSE
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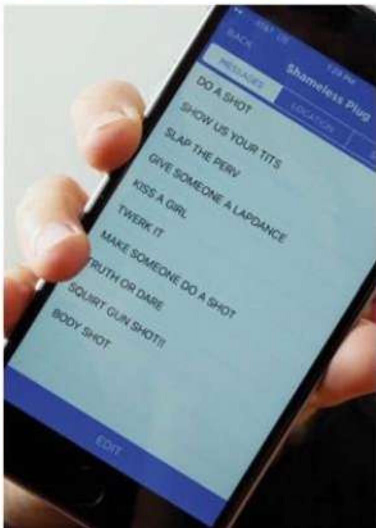
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MEDEA VODKA

BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

I AM not a fan of gimmicks. To me, gimmicks are a clever way of distracting the consumer from the fact that your product is lame and, well, needs a gimmick. An unnamed fast-food chain uses a gimmick to trick children into eating their McShitburgers, a mini-car company uses a gimmick to fool men into thinking they're driving something respectable, and a certain vodka brand uses a gimmick to fool people into drinking garbage water that may or may not be handmade.

So when the good folks at Medea Vodka offered to send me a few Bluetooth-programmable bottles of vodka, my answer was resounding "fuck no." They sent them anyway…and I'm really glad they did. The vodka is incredibly smooth—I swear, I tasted vanilla and honey as it glided across my palate and danced down my throat. Turns out, the good folks at Medea are serious about their vodka and brew/make/cook/distill(?) it at the House of Herman Jansen under the auspices of some serious Dutch vodka ninja.

Once I had a few in me, I started to play around with the LED bottle, which is super easy to use. You can program up to ten messages per bottle, and it comes preloaded with a few generic ones: "Happy Anniversary," "Happy New Year," and other bullshit that I deleted immediately. Instead, I loaded the LED display with some better ones: "Drink Your Feelings," "Kiss A Girl," "Slap the Perv," and a few others that were bound to get me in trouble with HR (again).

THIS MESSAGE-ON-A-BOTTLE TECHNOLOGY HAS A TON OF APPLICATIONS, BUT WISHING MY PARENTS A HAPPY ANNIVERSARY ISN'T ONE OF THEM.

Then I marched into the marketing department and pulled out branding gurus Ella Nova, Alana Cruise, Charlotte Cross, and Edyn Blair to take one of the bottles for a spin. Literally. I made them "taste" a few shots…you know…for work…and engaged them in a meaningful game of spin the bottle. See, I think this message-on-a-bottle technology has a ton of applications, but wishing my parents a happy anniversary isn't one of them. However, programming naughty things that the all-female marketing team must do when the magic vodka bottle points to them? Now that is the lord's work.

Because we were at the office, things started out pretty tame. We all did a few more shots and got comfortable on the conference room floor. Then Charlotte realized her panties were inside out, so she flipped them while we were sitting there. That doesn't have anything to do with the story, but I thought it was awesome. The rest of the afternoon is a blur. I think Alana shot vodka down my throat with a squirt gun, Edyn slapped the glasses off my face, one of them started twerking, and I got a lap dance from someone else? Then (I think) everyone started kissing each other, which (I think) was wonderful.

I wish I remembered more about the afternoon, but it looked like I had a great time from the photos that Mo took. (Note to self: Don't bring Mo to any more marketing meetings because he takes pictures of everything and uses them as blackmail.) After a short nap, we were all ready to test the second bottle. **Medea Vodka $30** medeavodka.com

MEDEA
MEDEA
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PUSH PLAY

PHOTO: MO REESE

WINTER FLING

I HAVE been reading this magazine since long before I probably should have, and I always like tales of one-night stands, gang bangs, and sex in strange places (you had one story a while back about a high school reunion fuckfest involving this guy, his wife, and his former prom date that I hope to replicate some day). I've always had a tame sexual profile, but something happened recently that changed this.

First off, I'm pretty religious. My family doesn't believe in sex before marriage, so I just don't tell them that this is the only kind of sex I've had and we get along fine. Or at least they pretend to look the other way when I've got a girlfriend massaging my crotch under the table when we're saying grace at Christmas. But I'm also not so far gone from the faith that I can keep multiple girlfriends going or, basically, do any of the stuff that I've read about in your magazine (or my father's magazines, for that matter). So I didn't make this thing happen, it just kinda fell in my lap.

I'm a ski instructor in Colorado, and my coworkers fuck all winter long. Every legal-age (or twice that, or three times that), willing, and warm body that comes along is fair game to them. But for me, I stay monogamous, and Jean has made it easy.

Jean is from South Africa and no one I know could figure out her accent. Irish? Australian? German? She was exotic in a way that defied description. She sorta sounded like us, and looked like us, but she was also like this uninhibited girl from a seventies porno the way she dressed—short gym shorts and clingy T-shirts or, when she dressed up, really tight, flimsy dresses. And she liked me.

She was working at a store at the base of the mountain for the season and signed up for two weeks of lessons in January. Of course I couldn't see the goods when she jumped off the lift and first presented herself to me, but I was immediately intoxicated by her voice. At the end of the lesson, she asked me to help her to the lodge where she could warm her "broken arse" by the fire. All the while she clung to me, and I just got harder and harder despite myself. I wondered if she had a huge set of tits under that parka....

Once inside the lodge, I was off-duty, and as Jean stripped off her layers I thought I was witnessing outtakes from some vintage Pet of the Month pictorial. Her tits were amazing under her red turtleneck. No wonder she kept falling over! We talked for a couple of hours, and all the while she continued to touch me. Meanwhile, my coworkers wandered in and out of the fireplace area, checking us out and giving me the thumbs-up. I even suspected they had set this up. But no, she just liked my wholesome, unblemished charm, I guess!

But I'm not a total fucking idiot, and as the night wound down I suggested we head to my room for the *good* alcohol. "You've been holding out on me all this time?" she asked as she sprawled on my bed, taking off her shoes and socks and peeling off her turtleneck to reveal a laughably small T-shirt.

SHE RAN HER THUMB SLOWLY UP AND DOWN THE VEIN OF MY SHAFT AS IF SHE WAS GOING TO PUMP ME DRY RIGHT THERE.

Then when she said, "Shall I take off these pants?" I said, "Oh hell, yeah."

As soon as those pants came down, revealing thighs so white they were almost pink, I took my pants off, too. Fuck it. My cock popped right out. She took it in her warm (thank God) hand and grasped it so firmly and so gently, running her thumb slowly up the vein in my shaft as if she was going to pump me dry right there. I thought about letting loose as she looked up at me, my dick in her hand, smiling sweetly. I thought that I could shoot a hot mess on her T-shirt and still be ready for at least two more. Ah, clean living!

But I wanted Jean naked more than I wanted to send her home with a sperm-splattered shirt. I'm a gentleman, after all. So I took the lead and got her buck naked, hopping from foot to foot in my cold, lowly ski instructor's room, then we both jumped under the covers and fucked. We used four condoms that night, and I was a fucking mess the next day. But it was okay, because when I got back to my sex-smelling room at the end of the night, Jean was waiting outside my door.

The thing I loved about the foreign tourists was that sex was just fun for them. Not only are their countries less repressed, they're also on vacation. But Jean was also a little like me in that she wanted to have some fun but also be monogamous about it.

Jean and I had a great romance and there was never, ever a notion that I'd go home with her or that she wouldn't leave. It simply wasn't going to happen. We just had this time together. So when she left in April, we were sad but prepared. We had pretty much fucked the snow away. I stayed on the mountain and she went to grad school in London. In October, I met a woman named Macy and we took it slow (I'm okay with that), seeing each other every other weekend. I knew we'd probably have sex by Christmas, but on December 8, I was surprised to see Jean stepping off the ski lift once more.

"Fancy seeing you here!" she said.

Turns out she was doing some research in Winnipeg and decided, on a whim, to see if she could get to me for under 300 bucks. If she missed me, she said, she'd just hang out with her friends from the store down the mountain. But she'd found me.

I thought, *Am I cheating on Macy?* as I squired Jean back to the fireplace where our romance had started. And I realized that, even if I felt guilty about it, I wasn't breaking Macy's and my agreement. We had never announced to each other that we were going steady—we just weren't seeing anyone else. Anyway, Jean didn't ask any questions, and I didn't look for a ring on her finger, either.

We made our way back to my old room and she pulled off her parka. Jean was

wearing that flimsy dress (over tights, which she hastily pulled off) we'd soiled while rolling around in the April mud. I went to her, tangled my hands in her ponytail, pulled her head back, and kissed her. I reached between her legs and could feel her pussy, hot and wet, under the fabric.

I lifted the dress over her head. There was a new tattoo (a sugar skull on her abdomen) and a Brazilian wax underneath. Not my style, but I realized I missed those pussy lips, which were big, wet, and puffy despite the cold. We got under the covers and she wrapped her hand around my dick like before, slowly rubbing the vein on my shaft. In my hand was her dress, and for some reason I wanted to come on it, as if leaving her a souvenir. She sensed this, moving her hand more purposefully, still looking me in the eye.

As I felt myself start to come for the first of four times that night, I shot my long-building load into her dress, which I bunched up and dragged across her pussy, belly, and breasts, then her neck and face. I don't know why I did it. I just felt compelled to rub her down with our combined heat.

The next morning, after breakfast, she left. We kissed a long, slow good-bye. Macy came the next weekend and we began our own sexual history, and it's been great. But having sex with Macy was a point of no return for me and Jean, should Jean ever show up again. I don't regret not fucking my South African winter fling any more; I'm just happy it happened.

—J.B.F., Snowmass, Colorado

LUCKY FUCK

I AM a lucky man. I don't know many guys who still think that way after ten years of marriage, but I do. My wife is sexier now than when we got married. She works out, eats healthy, and takes care of herself. Her hard work at the gym pays off, too: Her body is tight, her C-cups are perky, her ass is high and round, and I frequently catch other guys staring at it when we're out.

We just celebrated our ten-year anniversary. The dress she wore hugged her body and showed off her cleavage. I couldn't help but stare, and it was obvious she loved having that effect on me. She kept leaning forward when we were talking, giving me a better look and teasing me. Right before dessert, she went to the bathroom and I watched as she walked away. All eyes were on her. Even the wait staff turned to check her out as she passed by.

Knowing what all those men were thinking, plus all the wine we had during dinner, was starting to turn me on. I thought about all the ways I'd fuck her, and getting through the rest of the meal was a small torture. I wanted to get home with her so badly, my dick was pressing into my pants and needed to be freed.

"Let's get out of here, now," I told her, and grabbed her hand. I threw some money on the table and we walked quickly to the elevator. Lifting my hand to the side of her bouncy chest, I leaned down and kissed her, teasing her lips with my tongue.

The elevator finally arrived and we got in. We were on the 42nd floor, at a restaurant with views of the whole city. I couldn't wait. I grabbed her ass and pulled her close.

My wife pushed her hips into me, and softly started grinding on my cock. Her hand slowly crept down and undid my zipper. I felt her soft skin pull on my rod as it sprang out. I was so horny, I didn't care that we could have stopped at any moment and people could come in. She slid her tongue into my mouth as she rubbed my shaft, her hand gliding over the head as she intermittently applied pressure.

The elevator was almost at the ground

I WAS SO HORNY, I DIDN'T CARE THAT THE ELEVATOR COULD HAVE STOPPED AT ANY MOMENT AND PEOPLE COULD COME IN.

I PUSHED HER SHOULDERS DOWN ON THE COUCH AND POSITIONED MY BODY SO I COULD FUCK HER DOGGIE-STYLE.

floor now, so I had to somehow shove myself back into my pants. We heard the ding and walked out into an empty lobby, thankfully. We rushed outside to get a cab, and found one quickly.

Sitting in the backseat, I started to rub my wife's thigh, inching up her dress with every stroke. It wasn't long until I felt that she wasn't wearing any panties. She smiled at me as she reached down for my zipper again. I scooted forward on the seat as she undid my button, releasing me and wrapping her hands around my dick.

I gently brushed her pussy lips with two fingers, opening them a bit and teasing her. She was already wet and her lips were slick. I rubbed her clit and felt her body tense up. Then she lowered her head and wrapped her warm mouth around my dick, and started to move her hips in circles in response to my fingers teasing her.

After what seemed like an eternity, and also the shortest cab ride ever, we finally got back to our place. I didn't even fix my pants, and her dress was barely covering her ass. We got inside the house and slammed the door, and she pulled the dress over her head in one quick motion.

I felt like a teenager, with a gorgeous naked woman in front of me, my dick twitching in anticipation. I stroked my shaft for a few seconds while I watched her play with herself, and I lost all self-control.

I growled as I charged toward her and spun her around. I pushed her head and shoulders down onto the couch and rubbed her ass cheeks while I positioned my body so I could fuck her doggie-style.

My first thrust was slow, letting my cock get slick. I sped up and shoved my dick deep inside. Her moans let me know how badly she wanted me to keep going. I was fast and a little rough, and I grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled lightly as I rammed her. She kept screaming out, "Just like that!" and, "Don't stop!"

When she said, "I'm your bitch," I pulled my dick out and turned her back around and pushed her onto her knees. I told her to suck it, and she expertly took my dick into her mouth, looking up at me the whole time. My hands were by her ears, keeping the pace and depth that I wanted. I felt the back of her throat on the head of my dick, and I almost shot my load, but I didn't want to come before her.

I pulled her up and sat down on the couch, and she lowered herself onto me, her tits in my face. I sucked on her nipples while she rode me. It didn't take her long to get close, and she sucked on my neck as she moaned, "I'm gonna come–fuck, I'm gonna come!" I was close, too, from her hot, wet pussy.

My wife slowed her pace, and I let go, too, bursting deep inside her. I stayed in there for a few minutes…too spent and happy to move.

"Good thing the kids are at Grandma's, huh?" I said. "They should stay there every weekend.…"

—Jason T., Chicago, Illinois

HOW'S THAT GRAB YOU?

I DON'T know if you heard of this guy who was nearly elected president, but he almost fucked things up for me and my girlfriend.

"Do all guys talk like that in locker rooms?" she asked, referring to the boasts made by a vaguely-upright orangutan who said that women would let you get away with all kinds of things as long as you were famous. "Do all men want to just kiss women without them letting you?"

The worst time to get into an argument with Amanda is when she's sitting on the kitchen counter, legs spread, naked and wet from the shower. It's the place where we first had sex, back when I was just her roommate and she didn't think I was home.

Yeah, she was naked and I walked into the kitchen and immediately popped a boner through my pajama bottoms. There was nothing we could really do about it at that point but fuck the embarrassment away.

"For Christ's sake, Amanda, no," I said, and was just about to add, "#NotAllMen," but I'd forgotten why I wasn't supposed to do that. Plus, I don't like to say the word "hashtag" out loud. This nursing-home diaper fart of a candidate was painting every non-sexually-assaulting guy with the same brush.

Now, granted, I'm a pretty well-known local DJ in a midsize city, and I've had my share of women throw themselves at my junk when they're eye-level to my crotch on the dance floor (and I know for a goddamn fact they wouldn't give me a second glance if I rolled up on them at the bus stop on my skateboard). But I wasn't about to tell sweet Amanda with the best candy-apple ass I've ever had the pleasure of despoiling that the reviled candidate was actually right.

I mean, who doesn't get preferential sexual treatment when they're rich and famous? That's why people *get* rich and famous. Everybody fucking knows that.

So anyway, Amanda is on the counter and she's naked. She picks fights when she's naked because she knows I'm nearly powerless to argue. She's got this pussy that talks to you because she keeps lazily squeezing and spreading her thighs. Every time she opens them, her bare lips glisten. She's a fucking pro. And all she has to do is edge herself out a little and I can slip right in...and Amanda knows this.

"Baby," I say, leading with the head of my cock, just inches from her glistening pussy on the marble countertop (and you can bet I'm eating off that tomorrow), "the guys who talk like that are the same as the women who have or withhold sex from their partners for jewelry. It's not love, it's a transaction. That's not what we have."

This time Amanda opens her legs and doesn't close them.

I continue: "And the great thing about being alive in America right now is that we have a chance to stay on our toes"—here I edge up slightly on my toes to place the very head of my cock against her lips—"and get consent for the things we do. Do you like this?"

"GIVE ME A LITTLE SLAP," SHE SAYS, AND I DO, ACROSS EACH CHEEK.

"Yesss," Amanda says, and I push the tip into her warm, wet, viselike pussy.

"Tell me to stop and I will," I say, pushing in deeper, holding her hips. We fuck for five minutes this way, all talk unnecessary, until I feel something building, and I clutch her gently by the throat.

"Give me a little slap," she says, and I do, across each cheek. I can feel the immediate reaction in her cunt.

"Slap my ass," she says. Her hemispheres are spread on the cold countertop. I smack them like I'm lobbing back a serve. Each slap spurs a galvanic response the length of each upper thigh.

My cock is throbbing but I pull out, grab her body—phasing in and out of orgasm, both taut and limp—and bring her into the bedroom, and toss her on the bed, my thing to play with, a thing that she has given to me. She's sprawled on the bed. I can see her labia pulsing and I know what she's going to say.

"Grab me by the pussy," she says, and I do. I squeeze, my thumb on her clit, two fingers inside her, and she comes in waves. I use the moisture to jerk my cock three times—tops—and send hot consensual ropes across her face. She wipes them off, licks her fingertips, shoves them in her cunt. She props herself up on her elbows, takes my cock in her mouth with no hands, and plays my dick like the world's smallest, wettest clothes dryer. Like a machine, I reflexively spurt three more times down her throat.

Dirty girl, that Amanda. And a Democrat!

—W.B., Riverside, California

SHARE THE LOVE

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PETTING ZOO

BY SAM PHILLIPS

MISTY STONE

JUNE 1993 Pet of the Month Sam Phillips catches up with Misty Stone, our Pet of the Month for December 2014.

5 THINGS I LEARNED ABOUT MISTY:

1. "I used to be very shy and timid. Porn is the reason why I broke out of my shell."
2. "I prefer baths to showers. Whenever I take a bath, I have a bottle of Möet chilled on ice, tub-side."
3. "I masturbate standing up. I can make myself come in 30 seconds 'caveman style,' meaning with my fingers—not toys."
4. "I played basketball for Crenshaw High, #31. I was a shooting guard."
5. "I can wiggle my ears."

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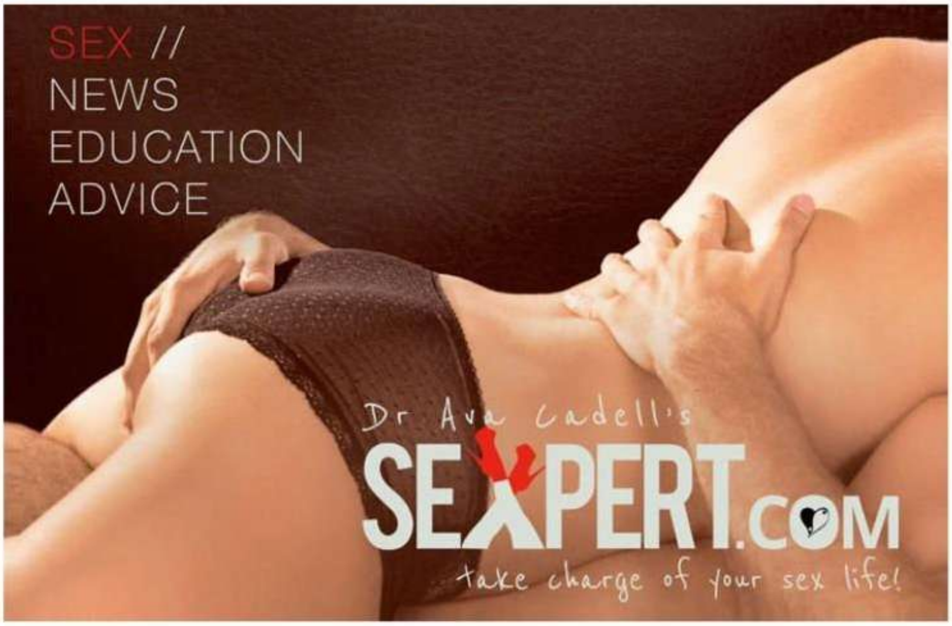

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DEER SHITHEAD...

BY DAVE CARNIE

A MEXICAN family was picnicking on a small strip of land that jutted into June Lake—"isthmus" is too strong a word, it was more of a bulge in the shoreline. They behaved like most Mexican families do near a body of water: the girls were screaming, the boys were swimming with their shirts on, and the men were fully clothed in jeans, boots, and cowboy hats.

Like them, the six of us were staying at the nearby campground with our four dogs. We sat on the rocks, munching on grocery-store fried chicken while watching the two German shepherds splash around in the shallows. The older of the two dogs, Randall, is fond of shitting in water. It doesn't matter whether it's a beach, a lake, a river, or even a pool: if he can get in it, he will shit in it. Randall also bites trees. Trees make him very angry for some reason. I hadn't thought of it until now, but Randall would be a great executive for an oil or natural gas company because he seems to really hate nature.

We were so busy sucking on fried chicken and watching Randall polluting the lake that we hadn't noticed Junior until he was standing right in front of us. Junior didn't say anything, he just stood there and observed. Junior was probably eight years old.

THE ENTIRE LAKE BOOED THE SHITHEAD WHO SCARED OFF THE DEER. ACTUAL BOOING, LIKE IT WAS A HOCKEY GAME.

"Oh, hi!" Stacy said when she recovered her manners. "What's your name?"

"Junior," Junior said.

"Is that your family, Junior?" Stacy asked, indicating the aforementioned Mexican family.

"Jyess," Junior replied shyly.

As Junior grew more comfortable talking to Stacy, we learned that he had come to visit us because of the dogs. Junior likes dogs. He especially enjoyed watching the German shepherds splash around in the lake.

"Do you shower alone?" Junior suddenly asked Stacy.

Everyone laughed. Stacy was a little taken aback by the question.

"Whoa, watch out, Stacy," Corey said, laughing. "You're going to jail!"

Stacy said that she usually showers alone, yes. She was not, however, able to determine whether Junior showers alone or with others. We later decided that his question was somehow related to the dogs in the water, but his English got tangled up.

Junior was most excited by my dog, a dachshund named Beckett. "A wiener dog!" Junior squealed when Beckett emerged from behind a rock. "My wiener is at home," Junior explained.

"You left your wiener at home?" I asked. I couldn't resist. "What are you doing out here without your wiener?"

I didn't have a chance to respond to the accusations of child endangerment from my friends because a collective hush had fallen over the lake. A doe and two fawns had emerged from the forest and were headed toward the water.

The three animals walked timidly across the wide expanse of beach until they reached the water's edge. We'd already had numerous deer encounters at the campground thus far, but this march to the lake in broad daylight with no cover within 200 yards in all directions seemed especially bold, even for an animal familiar with humans. They took one last look around before bowing their heads to drink.

I've seen so many deer in my life that they should be on the same level as seagulls, but every time I see one, I think to myself, *Super Nature*. Super Nature is just nature, but I generally reserve the phrase for exceptionally wild animals and/or scenery. Like, a monkey on a rhino under a waterfall would be considered Super Nature. Deer qualify as Super Nature simply because they're so goddamn adorable, but also sorta evil. And because antlers. (Mental note to self: Next time stoned, consider antlers.)

The lovely scene that had unfolded before us, however, was interrupted almost as soon as it began when all three deer jerked upright, ears alert. The disturbance: a tourist creeping along the lakeshore in their direction.

I think everyone around the lake thought the same thing I did: *What the fuck does this fucking fuckhead think he's fucking doing?* In our group, at least, everyone had adopted their best, "Really?" face, and I could hear them lamenting under their breath, "Oh, come on…"

The tourist was male, probably in his late twenties. His outfit leaned more toward the world of fashion than was appropriate for the outdoors. I had the impression that he was the type that wears pajamas on airplanes. Clutching his cellphone in two hands before him, he tiptoed along the shore toward the deer, who eyed him with suspicion. As the tourist crept closer, the disapproval of those around the lake reached an audible murmur.

Then, as everyone feared and expected, the babies bolted. *Zoom!* They trotted off back to the safety of the forest. A few

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / KAVRAM

people behind us verbally admonished the tourist, as did we, but either the tourist didn't hear our disapproval or he simply ignored it because he continued tiptoeing along his route. The mother remained at the water's edge. I pulled the slingshot out of my back pocket and loaded a rock into the pouch.

"David," my wife, Tania, whisper-yelled at me when she saw me raise the slingshot in the direction of the deer and the tourist.

There are two things that come out when I go camping: my Leatherman and my slingshot. I want to carry a knife around with me every day, but I'm a writer that lives in an urban environment so I rarely need anything other than a bottle opener in my daily life. When camping, however, I need a Leatherman in my pocket at all times for—well, for opening beer bottles. The slingshot is also just superfluous dude shit: it's a weapon, sort of like a gun, but without the murder part.

As I lined up the tourist's head in the fork, I wondered, what is he thinking? What does he hope to accomplish with this ridiculous endeavor? Does he think he's going to touch it? Bear, from *Alaskan Bush People,* has said that he wants to become so good at tracking deer, so silent, so stealth, that he can sneak up on one and tap its ass before it knows he's there ("tap" in the original sense of the word, not the bestiality sense). I doubt Bear's quest is possible, but it's an impressive goal because it would be the ultimate manifestation of his superior tracking skills. But what the fuck was this selfish prick sneaking around the lake in flip-flops trying to accomplish?

Shithead took one more tiptoe step—the tiptoeing was also baffling: the deer is looking right at you, who are you going to surprise?—and that was enough for Mom. She bolted off toward the forest in the direction of her young.

Then something amazing happened. The entire lake booed the shithead who scared the deer off. "BOOOO!" Actual booing, like it was a hockey game. Junior didn't need an invitation, he booed louder than anybody. "BOOOOO! FUCK YOUUUUU!" Junior's family was booing, too. Randall started barking. It was amazing because everyone unanimously agreed that this shithead was a fucking idiot. That kind of harmony is rare these days.

Shithead surely heard the booing, although I'm not sure if he interpreted it correctly because he seemed to think it was funny. Maybe he thought we were booing the deer because it ran off before he got to tap its ass?

I raised my slingshot, but Tania glared at me again. "David," she said.

"But he wears pajamas on airplanes," I argued.

MAHALIA MARIE

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH: JANUARY 1991

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★☆

★★★★☆

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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